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Makers of Canadian Literature

JOHN RICHARDSON

LIBRARY EDITION

Makers of Canadian Literature

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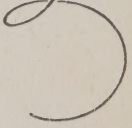
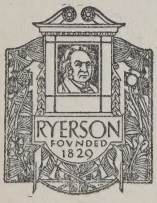
Dedicated to the writers of Canada - past and present - the real Master-builders and Interpreters of our great Dominion - in the hope that our People, equal heirs in the rich inheritance, may learn to know them intimately; and knowing them love them; and loving - follow



JOHN RICHARDSON

by

WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL



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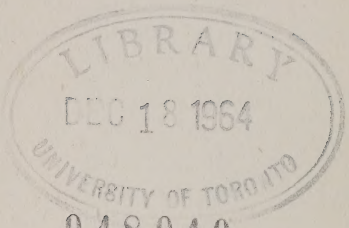

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ANNA HESTER KIRSOP RIDDELL

Conjugi almæ carissimæque

This labor of love is dedicated

by her husband

THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

Biographical 1
Early Works 23
"Tecumseh" 26
"Ecarte" 34
"Wacousta" 43
"The Canadian Brothers" (Matilda Montgomerie) 53
Life in Spain 71
"Movements of the British Legion". 73
"Personal Memoirs" 80
Newspaper Ventures 87
"The New Era, or Canadian Chronicle" 89
"War of 1812" 92
"The Canadian Loyalist" 96
Autobiographical Works 97
"Eight Years in Canada" 99
"The Guards in Canada" 118
Tales of the Chicago Tragedy 127
"Hardscrabble" 131
"Wau-nan-gee" 137
"The Monk Knight of St. John" 145
Anthology 153
An Appreciation 195
Bibliography 209
Index 223

PREFACE

HE works of Major John Richardson, our first novelist, are still worth perusal; and I acceded very gladly to the request of the editor to prepare this volume.

I have laid under contribution not only my own library and that of the Riddell Canadian Library at Osgoode Hall, but also the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, the Legislative Library at Toronto, the Congressional Library at Washington, the Public Libraries of New York, Boston, Toronto and a few others. I thank the Librarians for their courtesy.

Since the completion of the text, I have seen Prof. Ray Palmer Baker's valuable "History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation," Cambridge, 1920; but I have not seen any reason to change my views.

WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

Osgoode Hall, Toronto,
May 26, 1923.

John Richardson

BIOGRAPHICAL

MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON

JOHN RICHARDSON, the first Upper-Canadian novelist, was born at the old hamlet of Queenston, at the head of navigation on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, October 4, 1796.

Both father and mother were of Jacobite stock, and the ancestors of both had suffered for their devotion to Prince Charlie and the Stewarts. Dr. Robert Richardson was a cadet of the Annandale family, attainted after the affair of 1745. He joined Simcoe's Queen's Rangers, a corps raised during the American Revolutionary War, as Assistant Surgeon; and was for a time quartered at Fort Erie.

His future wife he met, wooed and won at Queenston, where she was visiting her elder sister Catherine, the wife of Hon. Robert Hamilton. She was Madeleine, second daughter of Col. John Askin,[1] of Detroit, by his first wife,

a French lady. Askin was a kinsman of the Earl of Mar, attainted after the affair of 1715. His father also was implicated in the Rising in behalf of the Old Pretender, and, changing his name from "Erskine" to "Askin," fled to Ireland, where the son was born. The son came to America about 1759 and settled in Albany as a merchant; afterwards he went to Detroit, and became a prominent citizen there.

Dr. Robert Richardson and Madeleine Askin were married at Niagara, January 24, 1793, by Rev. Robert Addison, afterwards the first Rector of St. Mark's. John was the eldest son and second child from this marriage —there being eight children in all.

In 1801, Dr. Richardson was ordered to accompany a detachment of his regiment to Fort St. Joseph on St. Joseph Island near Michillimackinac, and it was deemed expedient that the young wife and growing family should live with her father at Detroit. There John received the rudiments of his education, but before his father returned from St. Joseph the grandfather crossed over the river into Upper Canada[2] "where, on the more elevated and conspicuous part of his grounds which are situated nearly opposite the foot of Hog Island,

(now Belle Isle) . . he caused a flag-staff to be erected, from which each Sabbath day proudly floated the colors under which he had served and never could bring himself to disown. . . . . At Strabane . . the old lady (his grandmother, Mrs. Askin) used to enchain my young interest by detailing various facts connected with (Pontiac's) siege (of Detroit, in 1763), she so well remembered; and infused into me a longing to grow up to manhood that I might write a book about it."[3]

In 1802 the Queen's Rangers were disbanded and Dr. Richardson was made surgeon to the Garrison at Amherstburg. In 1807 he became Judge of the Western District of Upper Canada, with headquarters at Sandwich.[4] He saw to it that his children received the best education possible at the time; and John certainly profited by his attendance at school, even though he avers: "I had ever hated school with a most bitter hatred."[5]

The school was a long, low, narrow, stone building[5] with the reputation, well deserved, of having more than ordinary capacity. Richardson always detested school and his days were passed in suffering. He says he was

more frequently flogged than the greatest dunce, perhaps as much from the caprice of the tutor as through any fault of his own. Only fear of his father, a stern and unbending, if a just, man, prevented his running away. The thoroughness of his education was probably due to the supervision of his father, who was well read, and his mother, a woman of culture, who had been educated at the Convent de Notre Dame in Montreal. However that may be, he acquired a thorough knowledge of French, conversational and literary, and more than a smattering of Latin and mathematics; of his English, there are abundant samples in his voluminous writings.

The War of 1812 broke out when he was a schoolboy not yet sixteen. General Hull threatened the frontier from Detroit and General Isaac Brock came west to meet him. Brock was taken with the ardent youth, eager to serve his king and country, and offered to obtain a commission for him in the Imperial Army. Meanwhile he "did duty as a cadet with the gallant 41st Regiment[5] and was one of the Guard of Honor who took possession of the Fort" at Detroit, on its capitulation by Hull.

An order for the advance of the Guard was prematurely given by a staff officer and this error narrowly escaped proving fatal; but at length the threatening Ohio militiamen moved away and the Guard of Honor moved in and replaced the Stars and Stripes with the Union Jack. Richardson, with a musket taller than himself, mounted his first guard at the flag-staff.

Thereafter he fought with his regiment in every engagement during the war[6] until that at Moraviantown, where he was taken prisoner, October 5, 1813, with the rest of the Right Division. Taken to Detroit, he, with a few others, was conveyed to Put-in-Bay, where he saw Captain Barclay, the gallant but unfortunate commander of the British fleet in the naval battle at that place, September 10, 1813; "of his former self there seemed to be little left besides his unstained honor."[7] To Sandusky Bay and then to Chillicothe, Ohio, Richardson was removed; then to Cincinnati, and at length to the penitentiary at Frankfort, Kentucky. After a short confinement there he was paroled and made his way to Canada, arriving at Long Point from Cleveland, October 4, 1814, after a year's captivity.

He lost no time in joining the King's Regiment, the 8th Foot, to which he had been gazetted some months before his capture, and which was then stationed at Montreal and Laprairie. He sailed from Toronto to Kingston in the *St. Lawrence,* Sir James Yeo's magnificent flag-ship of 112 guns; it was her "very last trip." Then he went to Montreal. When the intelligence of Bonaparte's escape from Elba came, the regiment went to Quebec in the first steamer which sailed the St. Lawrence,[8] and then, June, 1815, embarked to join the British Army in Flanders. They arrived too late; Waterloo had been fought before they were half way across the Atlantic.

The war with France being over, one battalion of the King's Regiment was disbanded toward the end of the year. Richardson was soon appointed to the Queen's Regiment, the 2nd Foot, and sailed with them for the West Indies, arriving at Barbados early in June, 1816. After some time, he was transferred to the 92nd Highlanders, was placed on half-pay, October, 1818, and for more than sixteen years he saw no military service. This time he spent for the most part

in London, with an occasional visit to Paris, where he fought a duel with a French officer.[9] He wrote some sketches, now quite forgotten, of Canadian and West-Indian life, for magazines; but his first work of any pretension was a poem, "Tecumseh," published early in 1828. This is his only excursion into poetry that is at all well known; and while he repeated the experiment a few years later, he for the most part confined himself within the limits of prose.

In 1829 he published "Écarté, or the Salons of Paris." This, a strong indictment against gambling, while well received in some quarters, was prevented from receiving due recognition by the adverse criticism of William Jerdan, who described it in the *London Literary Gazette*,[10] the leading weekly review of the day, as "detestable," "unfit to be seen beyond the precincts of the stews."

In 1830 appeared "Kensington Gardens in 1830: A Satirical Trifle"; and a continuation was promised, which apparently never materialized.[11]

He had, before the publication of "Wacousta," published "Canadian Campaign,"

which seems to have been the first draft of his "War of 1812." It has apparently quite disappeared.[12]

The work by which Richardson is best known appeared in 1832, in London, "Wacousta, or the Prophecy: a Tale of the Canadas."[13] This was well received by critics, reviews and the public, and Richardson was favorably compared with James Fenimore Cooper and even with Sir Walter Scott.

In 1834 he joined the "British Auxiliary Legion," under the command of General De Lacy Evans. This was an army of 10,000 men in ten regiments and it was intended to assist Isabella of Spain and her regent, Christina, against Don Carlos. Richardson was commissioned as captain in the 2nd Regiment. Arriving in Spain he was made commandant at Vittoria, but was attacked with typhus and confined to bed for more than six weeks. On recovery he was appointed to the 6th Regiment, his own being disbanded, and May 5, 1836, he led his regiment in the attack on the Carlists in the successful attempt to raise the siege of San Sebastian.[14] He left Spain a few days thereafter for London, where, in 1836, he published "Movements of the British Legion,"

largely taken from the journal he had kept. When he was in London a *Gazette* appeared with a list of officers decorated for their conduct at the attack on San Sebastian. His name did not appear in the list and he attributed the omission and slight to the general, who, he declared, had been actuated by some particular private motive. He was also passed over in the appointment to a majority, to which he was fairly entitled by seniority and otherwise.

He went to Spain and found that he was in ill odor among his fellow officers by reason of some ill-advised language used by him when in England. He demanded a Court of Inquiry which at length was ordered. When the court sat, little attention was paid to the language which had been considered a slur on some of his comrades and most of the inquiry was directed to his conduct "in the glorious action of the 5th of May" at San Sebastian.[15] A favorable verdict followed, Richardson received his majority and was attached to the 4th, the Queen's Own Fusiliers. He also received from Queen Christina, the Cross (First Class) of the Military Order of St. Ferdinand. After some further fighting on the

Heights of Passages, July 30, he returned to England, not, however, without first fighting a bloodless duel with Captain Fielding and barely escaping a duel with Colonel La Saussaye on the sands of San Sebastian.

In 1837 he published in London a second edition of his "Movements of the British Legion," this time giving an account of the operations after May 5, 1836. This contains a savage attack on Evans, whom he accuses of gross tyranny and personal malice.

The transactions in Spain were brought up in the House of Commons, April 17, 1837, by Sir Henry Hardinge,[16] who quoted from Richardson's book, describing him as a most unobjectionable witness who was very precise in his statements. Daniel O'Connell was not so complimentary: "He should be sorry to receive praise from such a quarter . . . . If he was not mistaken all the officers of his regiment refused to mess with him. One Richardson whose book was really two books; the one written when he was in favor with General Evans and therefore all in his praise, the other written after he was dismissed the service and, of course, all against him."

Evans was not present at this debate, but he brought the matter up himself in the House,[17] March 13, 1838. He did not mention Richardson by name, but Sir Henry Hardinge, in replying, did so. He said that he was justified in taking Major Richardson's book as a sufficient authority "on which he could safely depend," that a letter from Evans to Richardson now in his possession thanked him for this very book, and another attested the great accuracy and fidelity of his book; and it was in vain that Evans protested that the books referred to by Hardinge and by himself in the letters, were distinct and separate works.

The Spanish Legion was disbanded—sadly reduced in numbers by disease and bullet—in 1837, and Richardson looked to other quarters for employment. The Canadian Rebellion of 1837 indicated that military service might be hoped for in his native land, and early in 1838 he sailed for New York, on his way to Canada. He arrived at Queenston in April, 1838; "the astounding and unexpected events of 1837 and 1838 again brought me to my native land to aid if necessary in vindication of her wounded honor." He

was accompanied by his wife, one of an Essex family, whom he had married when in England about 1830.[18]

Remaining for a short time in Niagara with his brother Charles, then Member for that town, he went to Toronto and then to Lower Canada. He published in that year, 1838, his "Personal Memoirs."[19] He met Lord Durham and was strongly impressed with the wisdom of his views as to the proper means to make Canada a contented and prosperous part of the British Empire. He had come to Canada with a commission to write on Canadian affairs for the London *Times* at a salary of £300 a year. *The Times* did not approve of Durham's plans—or indeed of anything emanating from the Government which had sent Durham to Canada—and Richardson had to abandon what was at that time a handsome income.

This sacrifice, he himself says, was such as no man had ever before made in Canada and "to an extent that has proved ruinous to our interest in the extreme." Durham was fully apprised of this and intended to make provision for Richardson; this intention was frustrated by his sudden departure from

Canada and subsequent death. Lord Sydenham personally assured Richardson three weeks before his untimely death that he would carry out the plans of his predecessor; his death prevented this being done. It is to the credit of Richardson that he did not complain of injustice when the position of Queen's Printer was subsequently given to Mr. Derbishire, who "had rendered important services to the British Government while employed in a confidential manner in Europe"; although he entertained disappointment at not being admitted to a participation in the "feast of places."[20]

He lived for a short time at Amherstburg and Sandwich where he completed the sequel to "Wacousta," entitled "The Canadian Brothers, or the Prophecy Fulfilled: a Tale of the late American War" in two volumes.[21] This is substantially the same as "Matilda Montgomerie, or the Prophecy Fulfilled," published in New York in one volume, 1851.

In 1840 he went to live at Brockville, and the next year he commenced the publication of a periodical, *The New Era, or Canadian Chronicle.* He wrote all the contents with the exception of an occasional copied article.[22] In

this journal also appeared his "Jack Brag in Spain" and "Recollections of the West Indies"—the former being concluded early in 1842. In the issue of March 2, 1842, appeared the first part of "Operations of the Right Division of the Army of Upper Canada During the American War of 1812."[23] This was continued in every issue until that of July 22, 1842. In the last named issue appeared also a part of the first canto of "Tecumseh," the remainder appearing in the three following issues of the journal. His "War of 1812" appeared in book form at Brockville, 1842.

He was appointed Superintendent of Police on the Welland Canal in 1845, but that situation was abolished the following year. In 1847 he published in Montreal his "Eight Years in Canada" and the following year a sequel, "The Guards in Canada." He then went to New York, where he published "Hardscrabble, or the Fall of Chicago," "Wau-nan-gee," "Matilda Montgomerie," and "The Monk Knight of St. John"; and republished others. Here he died of erysipelas,[24] May 12, 1852. His wife had died at St. Catharines, August 15, 1845.

[1] The name of Col. John Askin's first wife is not known: but it is known that she was French. In the Marriage Register for the Western District of the Province of Upper Canada, still extant, there is preserved evidence of his second marriage. He made affidavit at Sandwich, February 27, 1798, before William Harffy, J.P., of his marriage, June 21, 1772, with Archange Barthe (from other sources it is almost certain that her full name was Marie Archange Barthe—she signs her affidavit "Archan Askin," however). There were then living issue of this second marriage, Thérèse, who married Col. Thomas McKee; Archange, who married Col. Meredith, of the Royal Artillery; Allice (or Adelaide) who married Col. Elijah Brush, of the Michigan Militia; Charles, afterwards Captain of Militia; James, Colonel of Militia; Phillis Eleanor, who married Capt. Richard Pattison, of Sandwich; and Alexander David.

Thérèse Barthe, sister of Col. John Askin's second wife, married Alexander Grant, at Detroit, September 30, 1774. This was Commodore Grant, an Executive Councillor and for a time Administrator of the Government of Upper Canada.

By his first wife Col. Askin had three children: John, who married Madelaine Peltier at Detroit, October 21, 1791; Catharine, who first married one Robertson who was, with Col. Askin himself, accused of disloyalty in 1780 by Capt. Sinclair to Haldimand—Canadian Archives, B. 97, 2, p. 393 (after Robertson's death she married Hon. Robert Hamilton of Queenston); and Madeleine, mother of Major John Richardson.

[2] By "Jay's Treaty" of 1794, the United States agreed to pay the debts owing to British creditors and, in breach of the Treaty of Paris of 1763, detained by American laws; and Britain agreed to withdraw her troops from the posts within the boundary lines of the United States which she occupied as a means of enforcing the performance by the United States of the agreements in the Treaty of Paris. All settlers and

traders, however, were to be permitted to remain and retain their property, without being compelled to become American citizens; they might elect their allegiance within a year after evacuation by the British troops.

Detroit was evacuated by the British troops in 1796. Askin elected to retain his British allegiance, but business exigency kept him resident in Detroit about five years thereafter.

[3]Richardson's own words in the introduction to the revised edition of "Wacousta," New York, Dewitt & Davenport, 1851, pp. V, VI.

[4]He died in office at Amherstburg, May 1, 1829, aged 59. The District Courts, first erected in 1794, became County Courts in 1849. Before this date it was not unusual to appoint laymen to the judgeship of these courts. In the earliest times these judges were all laymen; since 1849 the appointees have been barristers. The judges of the Superior Courts have always been barristers.

[5]Richardson's own words. The schoolhouse was afterwards used as a barracks. A District General Order contains his appointment as a "Volunteer in His Majesty's regular forces," July 9, 1812, and his assignment "to do duty with the 41st Regiment until further orders." At the beginning of the War, the garrison at Amherstburg consisted of 200 men of the First Battalion of the 41st Foot, a small detachment of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment and a subaltern's command of artillery.

[6]After the victory at Miami—the 41st Foot still has "Miami" on its flag—he was, with the other three volunteers, recommended by Brig.-Gen. Procter for promotion, May 14, 1813; but he was still officially a "Gentleman Volunteer," 41st Regt., when he was made prisoner. Dr. Richardson was called to the colors and served as a surgeon during the war on board the Lake Erie Fleet. He was also taken prisoner. Captain Barclay calls him a "most deserving man."

[7] Richardson's "War of 1812," Casselman's Ed. Toronto, 1902, p. 244.

[8] Richardson's "War of 1812," p. 293, calls this steamer the "John Molson": the owner was Hon. John Molson, but the name of the steamer was *The Accommodation*.

[9] His adversary was an officer of Cuirassiers, who had been the aggressor. The duel was with horse-pistols, the Frenchman imagining Richardson to be skilled in the use of the duelling pistol. Richardson missed, but was himself struck over the *tendo Achillis* of the right ankle. The wound was contused but the pain was so severe that Richardson could not stand to fire a second shot. The Frenchman apologized and they became friends. Richardson makes use of his experience in a "contused wound" in explaining why he left the field in the Battle of May 5, 1836.

In his "Personal Memoirs," Montreal, 1838, p. 16, he says (speaking of this duel): "As is generally the case in an affair of this sort, there were a variety of rumors on the subject and some of these officious nobodies—would-be important characters, who abound on the Continent and who manage to make every stranger's business their own—thought I ought to have killed the Frenchman, and thus have vindicated the character for pugnacity of John Bull. My seconds, two Irish officers who were the responsible persons in the matter, felt it necessary to intimate to these sagacious gentlemen that they should consider any further observations a reflection upon their own conduct on the occasion, and make it a personal matter accordingly. This had the effect of silencing them. From this same duel, I may add, I have drawn the picture of the meeting in the Bois de Boulogne between Delmaine and the Comte de Hillier in my novel of 'Écarté.' "

[10] *London Literary Gazette*, 1829, p. 208. Richardson attributes this attack upon his work to Jerdan's ill-will to Henry Colburn, Richardson's publisher, who had assisted James Silk Buckingham to found an opposition review, *The Athenæum*.

[11] This work escaped the research of Mr. Casselman and my own. Professor Ray Palmer Baker informs me that he has seen a copy of the work "Kensington Gardens in 1830: A Satirical Trifle by the Author of Écarté," Marsh & Miller, London, 1830, and that there is a copy in the London Museum. I have not been able to find any trace of a copy on this continent, and have never seen the book.

[12] I can find nothing more about "Canadian Campaign" than what appears in Richardson's preface to the London edition of "Tecumseh." See in the text at p. 25, *post*.

[13] The first London edition was inscribed to Richardson's old Regiment, the 41st Foot. In the New York editions of 1851 and 1888, as well as in Lovell's Montreal edition of 1868, the title is "Wacousta, or the Prophecy: an Indian Tale." Some of the copies of the New York edition of 1851 bear the imprint of Robert M. Dewitt, 33 Rose Street; some bear the imprint 160 and 162 Nassau St. One of my copies has "Dewitt & Davenport, Publishers, Tribune Buildings;" the copies are in other respects identical.

[14] In this fierce, bloody and brilliant battle in which DeLacy Evans lost 97 officers and 500 men out of 5,000 engaged, but succeeded in raising the Siege of San Sebastian, Richardson received three bullet wounds, contused wounds, in a second attempt to bring his men to the advance. He was advised to leave the field and late in the day did so. This was made a charge against him in the Court of Inquiry afterwards ordered.

[15] The Court of Inquiry was ordered to "investigate and report upon the conduct of Captain Richardson, 6th regiment, for having while in England thrown out imputations in print, and in letters addressed to the Military Secretary, calculated to cast discredit on the conduct of the Legion in the glorious action of the 5th of May." Richardson might have objected to the Court dealing with any other matter; he very wisely

did not object, but got upon the much safer ground of his conduct on that day.

His only defence to the former charge, so far as it relates to letters, was that the letters to Colonel Considine were "private." The General ordered them to be laid before the court as their contents were of a public nature, although they were marked "private" and addressed to the Military Secretary. The Court refused to look at these letters and immediately sent them, enclosed in a blank envelope, to Headquarters. Otherwise it is hard to see how there could have been an acquittal; the language admittedly used was very offensive.

Richardson seems quite unable to view any of the transactions in Spain impartially or dispassionately. His apologia is wholly unconvincing.

[16] Parliamentary Debates, 3rd Series, XXXVII, 1, 330, sqq. No one can read this debate without seeing that political partizanship had much to do with the view taken of Evans and Richardson.

[17] Parliamentary Debates, 3rd Series, XLI, 823, seq.

[18] Her family name does not seem to be known. Her tombstone in the Butler Burying Ground near Niagara calls her Maria Caroline and states that she died at St. Catharines, August 16, 1845, at the age of 37 years.

The death notice reads: "On Saturday, the 16th instant (August, 1845), of bilious fever, after a few days' illness, at the residence of the Rev. Mr. McDonagh, St. Catharines, Maria Caroline, the beloved, noble-hearted and highly-gifted wife of Major Richardson, Superintendent of Police on the Welland Canal."

[19] "Personal Memoirs of Major Richardson, author of 'Movements of the British Legion,' etc., etc., etc., as connected with The Singular Oppression of that Officer while in Spain by Lieutenant-General Sir DeLacy Evans . . . " Montreal:—Armour & Ramsay: W. Neilson, Quebec; R. Stanton, Toronto; and J. Mac-

Farlane, Kingston, 1838. 8vo., 146, iv. The work is dedicated to The Honourable The Members of the Commons' House of Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland.

[20] *The New Era, or Canadian Chronicle*. Brockville, March 2, 1842, editorial.

[21] The publishers were A. H. Armour and H. Ramsay, Montreal; the printer, John Lovell of the same place. In the entry, January 2, 1840, by Major Richardson, he is described as "now resident in the City of Montreal."

[22] Among these copied may be noticed an account of an action for libel brought by the American novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, against the *Commercial Advertiser* of New York in consequence of a review in that paper of Cooper's account of the Battle of Lake Erie in the first edition of his "History of the United States." The case was removed from the Circuit Court of Otsego County and tried before three referees, Samuel Stevens of Albany, chosen by plaintiff; Daniel Lord, chosen by defendant; and Samuel A. Foot, chosen by mutual consent. The celebrated Marshall Spring Bidwell was of counsel for the defendant, W. W. Campbell with him, Cooper appearing in person. The *Commercial Advertiser's* report, Richardson, somewhat maliciously perhaps, gives in full, but he also gives the verdict for the plaintiff holding that the review was untrue in five specified particulars. The report takes up much of the issues, June 9, 17, 24, July 8, 1842.

Dr. Fisher's beautiful Latin version of part of Gray's "Elegy" is also given in July 8, 1842. As indicating Richardson's taste in Latin, the sixth stanza is here copied, of which he says "We particularly like the sixth verse (he means stanza) not only for its pleasing euphony but by reason of the chaste collection of words which compose it."

Amplius haud illis candescet ab igne caminus
  Vespere nec conjux sedula tendet opus;
Non reditus horum balbutiet obvia proles
  Aut patriam scandent aemula turba genu.

[23] He had much earlier begun the advertisement which he repeated in every issue as follows:

"Several of our contemporaries having intimated a desire that an accurate account of the events of the War of 1812 in this country, should be given by those who participated in it—and the *Montreal Herald* in particular having done the Editor of this paper the honor to name him among others who could, from personal experience, supply the desired information, we beg to state for the information of our subscribers that on the completion of the adventures of 'Jack Brag in Spain' we shall publish a 'Narrative of the Operations of the Right Division of the Army of Upper Canada.' "

[24] Several concurring circumstances indicate that he was undernourished if not actually starving; Canada was not generous to her first novelist.

EARLY WORKS

EARLY WORKS

WO well-known works of Richardson are "Tecumseh" and "Écarté." It seems probable that the former was the first production of his genius. In the Preface to "Tecumseh," London, 1828, he says:

"Many of the notes to 'Tecumseh' betray its author to be that also of the 'Canadian Campaign,' several passages in both being written nearly in the same words. The fact is, that the poem was composed five years ago, and before he had thought of compiling the latter narrative. In the hurry of composition, he had recourse to his notes for matter which he felt too indolent to dress in a new garb. Hence the necessity for explanation."

This would take the composition of the poem back to 1822 or 1823.

"Écarté, or the Salons of Paris" appeared in London in 1829: its reception by the critic Jerdan has already been mentioned. I would

conjecture that it was written about 1825 or 1826.

TECUMSEH

The best and only well-known effort of Richardson's poetic muse is his "Tecumseh," a poem in four cantos composed of 50, 54, 48 and 55* stanzas respectively; in the Canadian and revised form, of 45, 50, 48 and 45 stanzas. Each stanza consists of eight verses, in iambic pentameter; in one instance, in the Canadian edition only, a solitary iambic hexameter is found. The first, third and fifth verses rhyme as do also the second, fourth and sixth; and the seventh and eighth—the system is a, b, a, b, a, b, c, c, Byron's adaptation of the Italian *Ottava rima.*

While the verse runs smoothly, the rhythm and rhyme are both unexceptionable, the terminology is well chosen and little, if any, fault can be found with the imagery. There is a total absence of anything like poetic fire;

*The numbering of the Stanzas is continuous from I to LVI, but Stanza LIII occupying the lower half of page 106, is printed in dashes only; this Stanza being blank, the number in Canto IV is 55. No apparent reason can be discovered for this peculiarity. The Canadian edition will be used and quoted in this chapter.

nothing is said which could not be equally well said in prose form; the verse reads like so much prose cut into lengths; the whole work is a typical example of "machine made poetry." Richardson's muse was essentially *Musa pedestris* and he was wise to restrict himself to prose thereafter.

It may be well to give an outline of the theme and some examples of the verse.

The poem begins with the occurrences leading up to the defeat of the British Lake Fleet, under Barclay, at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.

"It is in truth as fair and sweet a day
As ever dawn'd on Erie's silvery lake;
And wanton sunbeams on its surface play
Which slightest breeze nor rippling currents break;
Yet Devastation's voice her fiends obey
And stern Bellona loves, e'en here, to slake
Her quenchless thirst, in streams of human gore
Which soon must dye that lake and distant shore.

II

"And there is many a proud and stately bark
Emerging from the waning mists of night;
And many a bronzèd tar and gallant spark
Awaiting there the coming hour of fight;
Their streamers gaily float in air—and hark!
The Boatswain pipes aloft when soon with fingers light
The active crews unfurl the snow-white sail,
Which vainly falls to woo the slumbering gale."

The Americans are spoken of in appreciative and even admiring terms:

"And who are *they* who, fierce defying, dare
To range their prows along the English shore;
To seek the angry Lion in his lair,
And boldly brave the sea god's savage roar?
A haughty and a gallant band they are
Nor seen nor known, nor understood before;
Yet not unworthy to contend in arms
With foemen long inur'd to war's alarms."

The Battle is described in conventional terms: "thick sulphureous mists," "Murder opens all her mouths of blood," "scenes of fearful death," "the warrior's grave," "Mars in his sanguinary car," "streams of carnage."

After the battle was fought and lost the terrible condition of ships and crew is graphically described: the defeated commander himself is spoken of in language which recalls the description given in his "War of 1812" by Richardson who saw him on his own way to prison in Chillicothe:—

"And thou, too, Barclay, like a branchless trunk
Lay'st wounded, bleeding,' mid the death-fraught scene;
Writhing and faint, ere cruel slaughter, drunk
With the rich stream of life, with haggard mien,
Deep and more deep in stern destruction sunk
Each short liv'd hope—who then alas! had seen
Thy flashing eye, had trac'd not suffering there,
But burning indignation, and deep care."

Quite without historical warrant, when "The red-cross flag has ceas'd to wave on high," the Indians appear, "a thousand naked warriors," with the savage war cry and the deafening yell, led by "that moveless warrior" Tecumseh. Tecumseh, as all readers of Richardson know, was a favorite of his—he is thus described:

"Blood of the Prophet, and of vig'rous mould!
Undaunted leader of a dauntless band,
Vain were each effort of thy foes most bold
To stay the arm of slaughter, or withstand
The scathing lightnings of that eye, where roll'd
Deep vengeance for the sufferings of a land
Long doom'd, the partage of a numerous horde
Whom lawless conquest o'er its valleys pour'd."

Tecumseh's real kindness of heart and earnest desire for peace the author notes in the words:

"'Twas he first caus'd these scenes of blood to cease
And deign'd the vanquish'd what they sue for—peace."

The Indian chief is given an only son, Uncas:

" . . youthful Uncas, foremost in the fight,
His father's sole born and his nation's pride;
He, too, hath mark'd and sicken'd at the sight;
He, too, had seen the foe triumphant ride
And spread their banners o'er the liquid plain
In all the insolence of proud disdain."

Tecumseh sends Uncas to gather his warriors, and the canto ends.

At the beginning of the second canto, for twenty-three stanzas, soliloquizes

". . . . . in simple strains, an ancient chief
Whose tottering frame lay curv'd within his tent;
Worn with much suffering and consuming grief,
Beneath the weight of many winters bent."

He sees the warriors returning from the battle:

". . . the crowded barks approached that shore
. . . . . .
The gaudy streamers deck their prows no more,
But poles, thick strung with scalps, in many a rank
Arrest the eye—all loathsome in their gore—
While ever and anon resounds the clank
Of captive chains; and men of fairer hue
And other garb are mingled with each crew."

Uncas' corpse is seen in the mournful bark; he had been slain in battle.

"And darting now amid the sorrowing crowd
Appear'd Tecumseh recent from the fight;
He gaz'd upon the scene, a moment bowed
By the thick mists which swam before his sight;
But, firmly struggling with his secret woes,
Suppressed the groan which half indignant rose.
. . . . . .
"Awhile Tecumseh gaz'd upon the wreck
Of his lone house all silent there and low;
. . . that son—his Uncas—form'd to deck
The paths of those who wield the spear and bow,
How sad to see him there—a blighted flower
Cropp'd in the bloom of beauty and of power!"

The death of Uncas is avenged in true Indian manner:

". . . . . an aged fiend,
Low bent and wither'd by the blast of years,
Whose trembling steps upon a hatchet leaned,
At the dark entrance of a tent appears,
With sunken eyes, that furious roll'd, and gleaned
The fairest form amid those sad compeers,
The youth most worthy to appease his shade
Whose clay-cold corse within that tent is laid."

She kills him:

"Crash'd the fell hatchet on his front of snow

. . . . . .

Yet sank he not beneath the hellish blow
Till wounds repeated, on the slippery sod,
In death's cold grasp soon laid the sufferer low;
Whom now the savage monster rudely strips
Of the warm scalp, borne quivering to her lips."

This whole scene, without historical warrant as it is, is practically what took place on the death of Logan in the War of 1812—one of the most appalling scenes in all history, and described by Richardson in Chapter III of his "War of 1812."

The third canto begins with the morning of Procter's Council of War before his retreat to the Thames:

"Long has Apollo in his flaming car
Lash'd his hot coursers up the Eastern sky."

And now he

"Awaits the moment when Aurora's charms
Shall hail him blushing to her trembling arms."

A council of war is held of whites and Indians: the prevailing opinion of the former is to retreat to

". . . . where the Thames' sweet waters flow
And higher banks, with thick'ning woods are crown'd,
A post more fitted for defence is found."

Tecumseh takes strong ground against this view:

"Up rose Tecumseh with impatient bound,
Fire in his mien and anger in his eye—"

He scorns to retreat from the frontier and ends by crying:

"But since the blood runs coldly thro' thy veins
And love of life belies the warrior's creed,
Go—flee—and leave to hostile swords these plains;
Then tell thy Father of the glorious deed,
Yet say that well one native chief maintains
The faith he pledged and on this spot will bleed—
For by the Spirit of our mighty sphere
Tecumseh moves not while a foe is near."

Nevertheless, Procter,

"The Christian father, in his judgment firm,
Still deems retreat the most expedient mean
To thwart the foeman's measure in the germ."

Tecumseh submits:

"Then be it on the Thames' broad banks—I yield
To riper Chieftains and more prudent sires;
. . . . . .
But by the mighty Prophet, on that field
Tecumseh combats—conquers or expires."

The fourth canto brings the climax and denouement. Awaiting the American invader at the Thames are, "the mild Huron who forsakes his plough, the Winnebago fierce, the artful Chippawa, the Sawkie of the noble brow, the stern Munsee, the Kickapoo, the Foxes' warlike few, the watchful Shawanee (Tecumseh's pride), the wild Minoumini of flashing eyes who feeds on human flesh, the Ottawas, the Pottawatamies, and Fallowsine" —Tecumseh views them all with pride,

"Still his soul slept not, and his wrath kept pace
With the hate that mock'd at suffering and toil,
For with his Uncas' death-pang snapp'd the tie
Which bound him latest to humanity."

The battle begins and,

"Amid that scene like some dark, towering fiend,
With death-black eyes and hands all spotted o'er,
The fierce Tecumseh on his tall lance lean'd."

He sees

"The chief who leads the foeman to his shore,
When with loud yells that devils might appal,
Deep in his breast he lodg'd the whizzing ball."

Tecumseh sprang forward to finish his work with the hatchet

> "When from the adverse arm a bullet flew
> With force resistless and with aim too true."

The poem ends with the hope that his deeds may be recalled who spared blood in many a battle dire.

ÉCARTÉ, OR THE SALONS OF PARIS

In the spring of 1824 an English baronet, Sir Edward Delmaine, and his nephew, Clifford Delmaine, the hero, went from London to Paris, most of the way with Colonel Stanley, "a tall, fine, military-looking man," and his daughter, Helen, then in her twenty-second year, and "a model of female beauty." The trip is amusingly described with little justice done to French politeness.

In Paris Clifford meets an old friend, Frederick Dormer, who had ruined health and happiness by gambling. He tells a long story of his fall and its consequences; this, in length, (four chapters, 22 8vo. pages) reminds one of the story told by Wacousta to Clara de Haldimar. Taken a prisoner in Canada at an early age, into the heart of the enemy's country, the

United States, he was tempted to play three-card-loo. At Frankfort, Kentucky, he fell in love with Agatha, the one loved and beauteous daughter of Mr. Worthington, a hospitable widower; and his love was returned. A gay, unclouded future was unfolded to their view, as Mr. Worthington was wealthy and approved of the match. But at Harodsburg, staying three weeks instead of three days, he won twenty eagles from an American officer, after three days' play and the destruction of fifty packs of cards; then seventy-five eagles from a trans-atlantic *chevalier d'industrie*. Agatha and her father were displeased at his long absence: the *chevalier d'industrie* blackmailed him and stabbed him. Worthington wrote him breaking off the proposed marriage, but Agatha was true.

Being released, Dormer returned to Canada and endeavored to join his regiment, then serving under Wellington in Flanders. In New York he met "General H——, an officer who had fallen into the hands of our division at the commencement of the war" (of course, General William Hull) and his daughters, "elegant, well-informed, accomplished young women." He fought at Hougoumont and was taken

prisoner but was recaptured. Going to Paris after Waterloo, he made his way to England and received a chilling letter from Agatha; then to Madras with many officers and "a number of married and single ladies . . . lovely and fascinating women;" but Agatha's image remained rooted in his breast.

In India he gambled heavily, horse racing and cards, and at length even "withdrew from the intimacy of the society . . . of the Colonel and his daughter, a fine and accomplished young woman." The Colonel, a friend of Worthington's, was about to inform him, Dormer found, of his painful conviction of Dormer's utter devotedness to this ruinous vice. Dormer insulted him and fought a duel as the result; the parties then being reconciled, Dormer sold out and went to England; then in 1821 to Paris where, in the Salons d'Écarté, he gambled in large sums. "My days were now consumed at Frascati's and the Palais Royal, while my nights were devoted to Astellis, Le Pain and Magnolle and several other lady proprietors equally celebrated for the splendor of their establishments and the style and beauty of the females by whom they were frequented." He lost all his money and was

imprisoned nearly a year for debt. A French officer who had saved his life at Waterloo, Colonel H——, was placed in the same prison on a charge of attempted robbery; though innocent he was convicted; "a victim of the spirit of persecution which had actuated the Bourbons since the restoration in regard to all the faithful adherents of the Emperor," he was sent to the hulks for five years. Dormer concludes his long story by saying that it would be his care to guard Delmaine "against the dangers by which the young and generous are almost imperceptibly assailed in this seductive metropolis."

(Colonel Stanley turns out to have been Dormer's Colonel in India.)

Comte de Hillier, "one of the fiercest desperadoes and most successful duellists in all Paris," who had already killed five men, in company with "the self-expatriated and coxcombical Lord Hervey," insulted Helen, and Clifford fought a duel with him. Both were wounded, the Comte in the right breast, severely but not fatally, Clifford with a severe but not dangerous contused wound.

Mr. W. C. H. D. F. Darte, the gentleman whom young Englishmen in Paris consult for

information in regard to the amusements of the evening, as "the farmer consults his barometer in order to ascertain the state of the weather," is introduced to us with "the enormous Mrs. Rivers, accompanied by two nearly equally voluminous masses of matter . . her daughters . . with . . Hottentot proportions . . Misses Fanny and Lucy."

Clifford narrowly escapes another duel, goes with a French friend, Marquis de Forsac, to Madame Astelli's Hotel in the Rue Grammont, where he recognizes as Adeline Dorjeville a beautiful young Frenchwoman whose life he had saved by seizing the bridle of a horse about to trample on her. He wins heavily at the gaming table, but, suspecting an opponent of cheating, leaves the game. He makes love to Adeline, whom he accompanies home, and makes an appointment for the following day. He takes her to dinner at Beauvillier's in the Rue de Richelieu, where they meet Colonel and Helen Stanley and Dormer. Sir Edward disowns him for the insult to Colonel Stanley and his daughter by placing himself immediately opposite them with an artful Frenchwoman.

The inevitable complications take place. Helen, "a woman of strong mind . . with all the passion of love without any of its romance," was more than usually sensible; Clifford had an intrigue with Adeline and led the gay life of the Salons. We have a lively description of these, of the money lenders, Jews and others, usurers, harpies, "the dashing, splendid females who frequent the Salons d'Écarté . . and form attachments with the young men they usually meet in these haunts," the *"faiseurs d'affaires"*—"a more needy, worthless race of vipers never existed" —who introduce men of respectability requiring money "to the money lender; and all the tribe of scandalous gamblers."

De Forsac tries to take Adeline away from Clifford: she orders him away from her room—she was clothed only in her night dress. He seizes her and a painful scene ensues; but Clifford, returning, finds her in the Marquis' wild embrace and stops the outrage. A challenge follows, but Clifford, when the Marquis was thrown out, charges Adeline with being De Forsac's "servile paramour." She denies the charge but admits that she formerly lived with him, and Clifford leaves her for ever.

The fact appears in the course of the story that Adeline was the mistress of De Forsac and was brought in contact with Clifford by him, that she might capture Clifford and leave the field clear for the refined voluptuary, De Forsac, to obtain the hand of Helen, with whom he had fallen in love and of whom he had told his friend Dormer that she was neither cold nor insipid. Englishwomen "it is true . . have less of the vivacity of passion, but their feelings are deep, intense and lasting. Moreover they live on the memory of love when love itself and the intoxication of the kisses have passed away." Besides "in the first place, she has fortune . . . in the second place, she is a woman of birth and accomplishments . . lastly and chiefly, she has the most desirable person I ever beheld."

Clifford turns up at three o'clock for the duel, but he is arrested for debt through De Forsac's machinations: he cannot find bail and goes to St. Pelagie. The same night a ball is given by the English Ambassador: this is attended by the Stanleys, Sir Edward and Dormer. Helen learns there of Clifford's imprisonment, but meets Agatha Worthington, with whom she at once becomes a warm friend with admiration and love on both sides.

Clifford's prison life of misery is fully described, as is also the suicide of his predecessor, an English gentleman called Torrington, ruined by gaming; Adeline visits Clifford but is repulsed and the money she offers him is refused. Helen pawns her jewels for money to release him: Dormer, taking the fifty thousand francs to the prison for that purpose, sees the unhappy Adeline, "her countenance pale and haggard—her eyes swollen—her lips partly unclosed and stained with blood." "No Frenchman," murmured the turnkey, "would have treated his mistress in the same manner; the monster!" Clifford sees her through a window, hears the remark of the turnkey and exclaims "the man is quite right and I have acted like a brute."

The money paid, Clifford is released; Dormer at his instance enquires for Adeline and finds her seriously ill. Admitted to visit her, he sees her die; he carries the sad tidings to Clifford and "that night Clifford Delmaine was pronounced to be in a high state of fever, on the second it increased to delirium and on the third his life was despaired of"—a truly conventional, if medically impossible, result.

The conclusion of the story is admitted by

the author to be conventional: "few . . can be ignorant of the decidedly hostile manner in which the critics have recently opposed themselves to any infringement on the established customs of the day . . . we bow to their fiat."

Six weeks after Clifford's release from St. Pelagie, Frederick Dormer, now wholly reformed, and Agatha Worthington were married. Sir Edward Delmaine died within three weeks after his return to London and in the autumn of that year "Sir Clifford Delmaine received the hand of the noble-minded Helen from her father . . . Like Dormer he had . . completely 'sown his wild oats.'" Marquis de Forsac was killed in a duel in Italy by a British officer who had detected him in an intrigue with his wife. It is not known whether Mr. Darte married either Miss Lucy or Miss Fanny Rivers. "Comte de Hillier is still living, as ferocious, as quarrelsome, and as brutal as ever; his friend and second, Lord Hervy, has lately come to an Earldom" and "Reader, *vale*."

So ends a somewhat lurid story. Every one must judge for himself whether it deserves the characterization of Jerdan; but it is not an unusually immoral or provocative novel for those times or, indeed, for these.

WACOUSTA
OR THE PROPHECY

WACOUSTA, OR THE PROPHECY

HIS is the best-known of Richardson's works, and with all its faults it must be considered his best. "It is founded solely on the artifice of Pontiac to possess himself of the two last English forts," Detroit and Michillimackinac; and Richardson made full use of the stories told him in his childhood by his maternal grandmother at Strabane.

The "Prophecy" was in reality a curse pronounced against Colonel de Haldimar, Commandant at Detroit, by the wife of a soldier whom he had caused to be shot for permitting the Colonel's own son to leave the fort against orders—an inhuman act wholly unjustified by the circumstances and which excited horror in every breast. It is explainable only by the overwrought state of the Colonel, induced by the nocturnal visit to his room of one he had wronged four and twenty years before.

The agonized widow exclaimed:

"Inhuman murderer, if there be a God of

justice and of truth, He will avenge this devilish deed. Yes, Colonel de Haldimar, a prophetic voice whispers to my soul that even as I have seen perish before my eyes all that I loved on earth, without mercy and without hope, so even shall you witness the destruction of your accursed race. Here—here—here . . . . shall their blood flow till every vestige of his own is washed away, and oh, if there be spared one branch of thy detested family, may it be only that they may be reserved for some death too horrible to be conceived!"

This passage will give some conception of the work; the speakers all have a stilted, artificial style unlike anything that is ever heard in actual life, but not unlike that of Sir Charles Grandison and most of Sir Walter Scott's characters, except the most lowly. It would be unjust to Richardson to say that he founded his style on that of his illustrious namesake and fellow-novelist; but certainly there is a great resemblance. His narratives have not any such defects; facts are stated with clearness, and, in general, concisely; a little moralizing here and there is pardonable.

To understand the plot we must go back

nearly a quarter of a century before the opening of the story. De Haldimar and Morton were subalterns in the same regiment, and intimate friends. The latter, hunting in the Highlands of Scotland, discovered Clara Beverley, the daughter of an English Colonel who had espoused the Stewart cause in 1715 and had buried himself and his only child in a secluded spot in the mountains. They fell in love with each other and became engaged, "whispering vows of eternal love." De Haldimar was informed and promised to render Morton any service in his power. He also found the fair Clara and during the absence in the South of Morton, married her. He also preferred charges against Morton, who was tried by court-martial, found guilty and dismissed the service.

Morton joined Prince Charlie in 1745. Learning that de Haldimar was in command of one of the regiments sent under Wolfe against Quebec, he made his way to Canada and joined the French army. In the attack on Quebec he shot at Charles de Haldimar, a subaltern in his father's regiment, and would have killed him but that the bullet was intercepted by a private soldier, Frank Halloway—

the same man who was afterwards shot on Colonel de Haldimar's orders, and who was the nephew of Morton. Morton afterwards joined the Indians, assuming the name Wacousta. He it was who visited the room of Colonel de Haldimar at Detroit by night and put him in such trepidation that he would not listen to the entreaties of Halloway, Halloway's wife Ellen, or his officers.

Much of the book is taken up in a description, graphic and not far from historic truth, of the foiling of the attempt of Pontiac on Detroit. On this attempt, Wacousta came into the fort garbed and painted as an Indian. The Colonel recognized him and ordered him to be seized, but in vain.

Then is described with some detail the capture of the fort at Michillimackinac, the massacre of the garrison, and the escape on a schooner of Clara de Haldimar, the Colonel's daughter, who was at the fort on a visit, Madeline de Haldimar, her cousin, Madeline's fiancé, Captain Frederick de Haldimar, Sir Everard Valletort and others. In this narrative Richardson makes the River St. Clair so narrow that it was wholly overhung by the branches

of the trees on the banks, a liberty with fact which, in his introduction to the revised edition, he justifies as a "license usually accorded to a writer of fiction in order to give greater effect to the scene represented as having occurred there, and of course in no way intended as a geographical description of the river." Beyond any question the scene is made more impressive and effective by the expedient employed, but there may be two opinions as to the validity of the excuse.

The escaping party is captured by Wacousta who brings them to Detroit. In escaping from him, Charles de Haldimar and other British officers are met, disguised as Indian warriors. Wacousta, pursuing, kills Charles de Haldimar in the presence of Ellen Halloway, on the very spot at which her husband was slain. Sir Everard is saved, as is Clara, and they become affianced. Wacousta is taken prisoner by the English, Clara rushes to him and demands her brother Frederick, he seizes her in his arms and climbs the flag-staff; the Colonel dared not permit him to be shot at lest the woman should be hurt. "Wacousta had now reached the centre of the flag-staff. Pausing

for a moment, he grappled it with his strong and nervous feet, on which he apparently rested to give momentary relief to the muscles of his left arm (he still supported the apparently senseless Clara against his right breast with the other). He then abruptly abandoned his hold, swinging himself out a few yards from the staff, and returning again, dashed his feet against it with a force that caused the weakened mass to vibrate to its very foundation. Impelled by his weight and the violence of his action, the creaking pine gave way, its lofty top gradually bending over the exterior rampart until it finally snapped asunder and fell with a loud crash across the ditch."

This extraordinary story excited the ridicule of some critics, and it may fairly be said that it is hard to find a parallel outside Baron Munchausen. Richardson, however, justifies it as quite possible: "a strong and active man such as Wacousta is described to have been, might very well have been supposed in his strong anxiety for revenge and escape with his victim, to have doubled his strength and activity on so important an occasion, rendering

that easy of attainment by himself which an ordinary and unexcited man might deem impossible. I myself have knocked down a gate almost without feeling the resistance in order to escape the stilettoes of assassins." Perhaps so, but one would like to know how many yards even a strong and active man could swing himself out from a flag-staff with a woman clasped to his breast.

Wacousta effected his escape, though wounded by Sir Everard, and, in full view of father and betrothed, he killed Clara and threw her body into a ravine. Colonel de Haldimar believed that he was now childless, but Frederick was assisted to escape by an Indian woman, the devoted Oucanasta; with him escaped his fiancée, Madeline. The Colonel did not live to see his son's return: "when the adjutant entered his apartment, the stony coldness of his cheek attested he had been dead for some hours." Wacousta, Sir Reginald Morton, takes away Ellen Halloway as his wife. It turns out that the dead husband's real name was also Reginald Morton and that he was the nephew of Wacousta. "As for poor Ellen Halloway,

search has been made for her, but she never was heard of afterwards."

So ends this interesting story, full of striking episodes and, in the main, true to nature. One may regret that the action is hampered and the *vraisemblance* almost destroyed by wearisome dialogue in stilted and unnatural language.

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS

OR THE PROPHECY FULFILLED

HIS work, the sequel to "Wacousta," was written in England as early as 1833 when Richardson was still a Lieutenant of the 92nd Regiment. The manuscript was seen by Sir Herbert Taylor, Aide-de-Camp and Private Secretary to King William IV and a soldier of considerable experience. Taylor expressed deep gratification at the chapter treating of the policy of employing the Indians in any future war with the United States. He also conveyed to Richardson the King's acquiescence in the request to dedicate the work to him, August 12, 1833.

Why it was not published in England does not appear: local tradition, however, has it that it received its finishing touches when the author was living in Sandwich in 1839. Certain chapters were published in the *Literary Garland*, of Montreal, and Richardson says

that "had it not been for the very strong interest taken in their appearance by a portion of the American public in the first instance, the volumes never would have been submitted to the press of this country."

"The Canadian Brothers, or The Prophecy Fulfilled: a Tale of the late American War" was published at Montreal, 1840. It was dedicated to Sir John Harvey, then Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick who, as Colonel Harvey, had distinguished himself in the War of 1812. It was he who in the night of June 5, 1813, at the head of five hundred men of the 8th and 49th Regiments, surprised and completely routed the forces of Generals Winder and Chandler, 3,500 strong, at Stoney Creek in Upper Canada. The edition was in two volumes of 250 copies; but, notwithstanding the continued advertisement in *The New Era*, Richardson might as well have published it "in Kamtschatka" as in Canada: there was little demand in the Canada of that period for the productions of Canadian talent—*nous n'avons pas changé tout cela.*

When living in New York, Richardson prepared and published in New York in 1851, an edition for the American market of "Matilda

Montgomerie, or The Prophecy Fulfilled: a Tale of the late American War, Being the Sequel to 'Wacousta'." The plot, so far as there is any plot, is not altered, but many changes are to be found in this edition, some of importance. In the preface to the original edition the author apologized for the imperfect Scotch which he had put into the mouth of one of his characters, his apology for which being that he was unaware of the error until the work had been so far printed as not to admit of his remedying it. In "Matilda Montgomerie," while Captain Cranstoun is mentioned, he is no longer "a raw-boned Scotch Captain of Grenadiers"; whole passages in which he figures are omitted and when he does talk he speaks English and not such atrocities as "joodge of pheesogs," "yeet as ye're to be attoched to my deveesion y'ell perhaps roon jeest the same reesk," "What ha' ye doon wi' the oogly loot?" "How vary extraoordinary to soorender the ceetadel," "had Geerald doon this he would ha' maired his feenal treomph over the veellain," etc., etc.—alleged Scotticisms which certainly call for apology, but are not much, if any, worse than some we see in works of greater preten-

sions. The fact that Cranstoun was intended for a portrait of an actual personage, Lt.-Col. Short, does not diminish but rather increases the offence.

In "Matilda Montgomerie" there are many omissions—I have noted over seventy—of more or less length and importance, ranging from three or four pages down to a single sentence; one of the longer being that part treating of the policy of employing the Indians in any future war with the United States, which had attracted the attention of Sir Herbert Taylor in 1833. Many omissions occur in the narrative of the events of the War: these are wholly pardonable, the War was a thing of the past and many of the passages omitted had interrupted the current of the story.

In his preface to the original work the author had felt himself called upon to explain "the favorable light in which the American character has been portrayed" and rejoiced that "in eschewing the ungenerous desire of most English writers in America to convey a debasing impression of the people and seeking . . . to do justice to their character, . . . no interested motive can be ascribed to him." He hoped that his pages might dis-

sipate a portion of that irritation naturally "engendered in every American heart by the perverted and prejudiced statement of disappointed tourists whose acerbity of stricture not even a recollection of much hospitality could repress." And while sturdily British and almost passionately Canadian, Richardson says nothing at which any fair-minded American could cavil.

But in the New York work, he goes farther in the way of catering to American sentiment and suppresses anything which might wound American sensibilities and *amour propre*. We no longer read that war was declared by the United States, "the great aim and object of which was the conquest . . . of the provinces on which she had long cast an eye of political jealousy, and now assailed at a moment when England, fighting the battles of the . . . recreant and unredeemed Peninsula, could ill spare a solitary regiment to the rescue of her threatened and but indifferently defended . . possessions." Nor do we read that "the Government of the United States, bent on the final acquisition of all the proximate possessions of the Indians, had for many successive years waged a war of

extermination against these unfortunate people." In an early chapter are omitted "while above the American flag was hoisted in all the pride of a first conquest, the Union Jack of England"; and "We have taken thirty soldiers of the American regular regiment, now in garrison at Detroit, besides the boat's crew." Of an American settler, Jeremiah Desborough, the villain of the play, the account is given in both editions, "whether Yankee or Kentuckian it would have puzzled one of that race of beings so proverbial for acuteness—a Philadelphia lawyer—to determine"; but the later omits "for so completely did he unite the boasting language of the latter with the wary caution and sly cunning of the former that he appeared a compound of both. The general opinion, however, seemed rather to incline in favor of the presumption that he was less Kentuckian than Yankee." And we do not now hear of the "ferocious eye of the Yankee."

The unstinted praise of General Brock and Commodore Barclay, well deserved as it was, contained in the first edition, disappears in the second: and the implied want of military skill and, indeed, of military honor on the part of certain American officers, "the hated thraldom

of American tyranny and American usurpation," are also missing. "Let it suffice that the Americans triumphed at Put-in-Bay" becomes "Let it suffice that the Americans fought with determined bravery and eventually triumphed." Even the word "Yankee," so often employed in the first edition, becomes "enemy," "settler," "person," "accused," in the second.

Richardson omits the very reverent, loving and appreciative account of his father (as Major Grantham) and his mother—wisely perhaps, as this formed no part of the story; but Canadians are not likely to approve of his omission of the really excellent and spirited account of the Battle of Queenston Heights, which he by an admitted anachronism places in 1813 instead of in 1812. He retains much of his Canadianism, even if in the New York edition our "stern invigorating winter of Canada" becomes the "stern invigorating winter of beautiful America"; the "Canadian sky," "the American sky"; the "Canadian Lakes," the "American Lakes." And Colonel D'Egville, who boasted "I am a Canadian, but so far from endeavoring to repudiate my country, I feel pride in having received my being in a land where everything attests the sublimity

and magnificence of nature," in the second edition merely does not endeavor to repudiate his "American birth."

There are in the second edition a few concessions to delicacy: Matilda, who had "a bust and hips to warm the bosom of an anchorite," loses the latter anatomical characteristic and ceases *sub silentio* to be an *Aphrodite Callipyge*. The "doxies" of the vulgar Cockneys become "sweethearts," and a somewhat suggestive paragraph is omitted in a love-making scene. Then, too, Richardson omits Latin quotations and translates French.

Leaving now the form, there is no difference in the substance of the two editions. The prophecy in "Wacousta" was that Colonel de Haldimar should see the destruction of his accursed race, that on the spot where lay the corpse of Frank Halloway should their blood flow till every vestige of his own should be washed away. The Colonel had perished, as had his son Charles and his daughter Clara; but there still survived the younger son, Frederick, then affianced to his cousin, Madeline; and, as Richardson says in the preface to the New York edition of "Wacousta," the curse pronounced by "the

wretched wife of the condemned soldier . . could not, of course, well be fulfilled in the course of the tale" (one rather fails to see why not).

In "The Canadian Brothers" Frederick and Madeline had married and been blessed with four children. The two eldest, officers in his own corps, had perished in war, one daughter had died young of a decline, and the other, Isabella, had married Major Grantham, who had been a field officer in the British Army but who retired and was filling a civil situation in Amherstburg, that of Chief Magistrate. Major Grantham is recognized as Dr. Robert Richardson, formerly surgeon in the army and afterwards Judge of the District Court of the Western District.

Col. Frederick de Haldimar and his wife "perished in a hurricane on their route to the West Indies whither the regiment . . had been ordered." The shock was too much for Mrs. Grantham, she sank under fell consumption, leaving two children, Gerald, in the navy, and Henry, who afterwards joined the army. They are the "Canadian Brothers" and are intended for Richardson and his brother, Robert, who joined the Navy as midshipman,

was severely wounded at the Battle of Frenchtown, January 22, 1813, and died at Amherstburg in 1819.

The villain of the play is Jeremiah Desborough, a wholly unnatural, if not impossible, character who is sometimes the stage Yankee of broad comedy with his "tarnation" "mighty cute," "no sich thing," "sure-*ly*," "drot my skin," and "I guess," and sometimes a fiend in human form, greedily devouring human flesh. He turns out to be the son of Wacousta and Ellen Halloway. He had settled near Amherstburg between Elliott's and Hartley's Point; "an individual of whom, unfortunately for the interests of Canada, too many of the species had been suffered to take root within her soil . . adventurers from the United States, chiefly men of desperate fortunes and even more desperate characters . . renegades." A smuggler, he had evaded the oath of allegiance, but was required to take the oath by Major Grantham, whom in revenge he murdered, ultimately escaping conviction for want of evidence.

He had two children, Phil and Matilda, the former an Ensign in the Michigan Militia under the name of Paul Emilius Theophilus

Arnoldi,[1] the latter adopted into the family of Major Montgomerie of the Regular Army of the United States, and known as his niece under the name of Matilda Montgomerie. Phil is an ill-bred, dishonorable cur, but Matilda is beautiful, though cold and hard as the nether millstone. She had been wronged by her fiancé, Colonel Forrester, who had seduced her under promise of marriage, and who had left her after finding her in the arms of a man, whom he supposed to be a negro, but who was in fact her father with a black mask on. And she lived for revenge.

The story begins at Amherstburg with Gerald, in command of a war vessel, watching the river. Desborough and his son were plotting to run a boat laden with gold through to the Fort at Detroit. Desborough had given Gerald false news and had dropped a paper indicating that Gerald was a traitor. However, Gerald captured an American vessel with Major Montgomerie, Matilda and thirty soldiers of the Detroit garrison, and brought them to Amherstburg, promptly falling in love with Matilda, but "discouraged by her apparent reserve" as she had "a cheek as cold and as pale as a turnip." Her brother Phil was cap-

tured at the same time. He broke his parole, made his way to his father and the two escaped across the river, notwithstanding the efforts of Henry Grantham and a brother officer, assisted as they were by Sampson Gattrie, who in the second edition is given his real name, Simon Girty. A very full and accurate description is given of this celebrated character and loyal British subject.

The capture of Detroit is described. Major Montgomerie having been severely wounded by a cannon shot aimed by Gerald Grantham, and Phil having been killed by the Indians on his escape from Canada, Desborough endeavors to have himself carried out of the fort, covered with a sheet as a corpse. He is arrested as a traitor and a murderer; but when Gerald and Matilda were love-making, he makes his escape from Gerald's schooner, on which he was being conveyed down Lake Erie.

Before this Gerald's life was saved by Matilda, who sucked the virus from a wound made by the bite of a rattlesnake when he was wild-turkey shooting.

As the 24-pounder had been tampered with, Gerald's British schooner was taken by an American vessel, aboard which was Des-

borough. Gerald also escaped and crossed the river to Amherstburg with his faithful negro, Sambo (whose dialect is a still more fearful thing than that of Cranstoun), in a terrible storm. Gerald was emaciated, pale even unto wanness, displaying signs of much care and inward suffering, as well he might, since Matilda, as the price of her love, had asked him to murder her seducer. As Sambo said to Henry, "berry much change, he poor broder Geral, he not a same at all." Gerald had already, near Detroit, without knowing the identity of either, prevented her from killing the Colonel with a dagger.

The brothers took part in the Miami expedition where Gerald was captured. Sent as a prisoner to Frankfort, Kentucky, he met Desborough by the way in Tennessee, and nearly killed, and was nearly killed by, him. Arriving at Frankfort, an isolated prisoner of war, he strayed one day into the mountains and, in the centre of a little plain, found a small circular building resembling a temple, furnished with a single window, narrow, elongated and studded with iron bars. He reached up, seized the bars and, looking in,[2] saw Matilda kneeling with clasped and uplifted hands, clad

in a loose robe of black. She was reading the last letter he had written her, "prior to parting with her . . for ever." She detected his presence and he entered. She offered to be his on her terms; he recoiled but next day agreed. He swore to murder Forrester. "I swear it, Matilda—he shall die." "The interview, so fatal in its results to Gerald's long-formed resolutions of virtuous purpose, was followed by others of the same description"; but she answered his anticipation of his reward with an air of wounded dignity and sometimes of deep sorrow (once bit, twice shy). The seducer arrived and the day was fixed for the murder. Gerald primed himself with brandy, Matilda gave him a dagger. Gerald recognized who it was he was to kill, his uplifted arm sank by his side and Matilda snatched the dagger and drove it deep in the body of Forrester. She soon poisoned herself. Gerald is helped off to Canada and, having entered the American forces as a spy, is shot at the Battle of Queenston Heights by his brother, Henry. Henry was seized by Desborough and was carried with him when he threw himself backward from the top of the crag into the hideous abyss below; and their "picked and whitened bones

may be seen shining through the deep gloom that envelops every part of the abyss unto this day." The New York edition closes with the sententious words in capitals: AND THUS WAS THE FEARFUL PROPHECY OF ELLEN HALLOWAY, MOTHER OF DESBOROUGH BY WACOUSTA, FULFILLED!

I may perhaps be permitted to add: "And no one can fairly say that Fate did not make a complete job of it."

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[1]No doubt these names are taken by Richardson from those of Paulus Emilius Irving and Theophilus Cramahé, Lieutenant-Governors of Quebec, and Arnoldi, a well-known surgeon in the Imperial service at Montreal.

[2]This was the third time he spied on her through a single window, and something must necessarily come of it this time. This "temple" had been built by the ubiquitous Desborough for the burying place of his mother, Ellen Halloway, and his wife, the mother of Matilda.

LIFE IN SPAIN

LIFE IN SPAIN

MOVEMENTS OF THE BRITISH LEGION

N 1836 Richardson, on leave from Spain, published in London a volume, "Movements of the British Legion." "The principal object . . had in view was the upholding of a service which had been grossly vilified by a certain portion of the press and by the partizans of Don Carlos." For this work he received the thanks of Lieutenant-General DeLacy Evans, the Commander of the Legion; and well he might, for the Lieutenant-General was represented as possessed of great prudence and foresight, an orderly leader, punctiliously strict in his enforcement of the rules of discipline, who had achieved a very splendid victory on the 5th of May, 1836, when he raised the siege of San Sebastian. Richardson calls the engagement the Battle of Ayetta.

As we have seen, during this absence from

the army, Richardson was passed over in the granting of honors and in advance in rank to a majority to which he was undoubtedly entitled. He also was deprived of his place on the staff which he had a right to expect to retain, but of the loss of which he could not complain as a positive wrong.

Having received his majority in Spain and having been acquitted of improper conduct by a Court Martial, he, on his return to England, published a second edition, "with strictures on the course of conduct pursued by Lieutenant-General Evans"; and added "A continuation of the operations from the 5th of May, 1836, to the close of March, 1837." In this second edition the praise of DeLacy Evans is still continued up to the Battle of Arletta. He had a strong "hostility to flogging" in the Army, but "he was determined to have recourse to it . . as the service in which we were embarked rendered it imperative that the strictest order and discipline should be preserved to prevent those we were come to aid as friends from looking upon us as enemies"; his "dismissals from the service . . were . . of frequent occurrence—and not more frequent than necessary . . The army, God

knows, was well rid of men whose continuance in it would have injured the cause."

Evans is defended from "the imbecile venom of a faction at home, the sworn enemies of all liberty save the liberty of planting their own feet upon the necks of others." The Tories, who had reviled him in no measured terms for an unnecessary exposure and sacrifice at the affair of Hernani, the attack of the "*Morning Herald,* whose vainly disguised *acharnement* leads it into a thousand ridiculous reports of our Legion," are combatted; and the scene is described of the reception of Evans after the glorious victory of May 5, 1836. "The General came up to the battery; . . . officers and men promiscuously blended themselves together and saluted him with the most vehement cheering, intimating that to their gallant leader was their success mainly attributable. Such a moment could not fail to be one of pride to the Lieutenant-General, who, much touched by this enthusiastic reception by his gallant soldiers, replied that the victory had been gained by them, not him."

In the continuation, he again defends Evans for his conduct at Hernani, and says that "it would have been highly imprudent in the

Lieutenant-General to have compromised the important advantages he had gained at so great a sacrifice of life" by "advancing his victorious columns on Hernani, . . ." even though "there can be no doubt that had he so advanced the Town of Hernani would have fallen a bloodless conquest into his hands." So, too, in respect of the unfortunate movement on Fuentarabia. "In common justice . . it should be recollected that General Evans was at the time exceedingly ill, so much so that he was seen lying on the grass in great bodily pain while the action was going on"; and the only blame to be attached to him was being too much and too easily influenced by Brigadier-General Reid, whose caution was proverbial "and whose counsel in a great degree influenced his chief on all occasions." There, however, the defence ceased. "Certain acts of extreme cruelty and injustice on the part of the Lieutenant-General . . had caused me to retire . . at the completion of my year . . the 29th of June," 1836. "I re-entered the service simply with a view to obtain my majority which had been most obstinately withheld from me through pique on the part of the Lieutenant-General."

(These statements will be examined when we come to treat of Richardson's "Personal Memoirs".)

Evans is charged with having regularly received his pay, £400 or £500 a month, from the military chest, "when the soldiers were absolutely starving from want of the common necessities of life, and when the junior officer scarcely shared a better fate"; with never being "in arrear for a single month although his men were daily dying of inanition and typhus blended together in Vittoria." He violated the terms of engagement and brought on a mutiny of the Sixth. The moral decline of the Legion began with the victory of May 5; "elated with . . success . . and vainly assuming that a *veni, vidi, vici* future awaited him, the Lieutenant-General utterly lost sight of moderation and conducted himself with the utmost hauteur and superciliousness towards some of his ablest officers . . sought to blind the public."

But "the weakness of a mind unable to sustain the weight of its new and self-created consequence . . was not the evil which principally tended to the destruction of the morale of the Legion, it was the profuse, the

indiscriminate, bestowal of decorations and promotion after the affair of (May) 5th . . a glaring injustice." Be it remembered that Richardson had been neither decorated nor promoted.

"The final cause of the disorganization of the Legion may be traced to the Lieutenant-General himself . . "; had he been "less profuse in his distribution of rank and decorations . . fewer officers would have gone home, some from gratified, others from mortified vanity; and he would not have been obliged, in order to compel the continuance of those who were about to follow, to have recourse to such glaring injustice, such flagrant violation of all good faith" as was exhibited in his refusal to permit "the officers to retire from the service with their gratuity at the end of the first year." He is guilty of "arbitrary acts of violence," "endeavors to sneer at his quondam favorite through his subservient writers"; he "stoops to rack his invention to heap ignominy of the foulest kind on so humble a military individual of his Legion as" Richardson, whom he looks "upon with an eye of extreme jealousy." Worse remains; to obtain forage for his horses he sacrificed nearly

a dozen men; by an extraordinary omission he permitted the Carlists to construct batteries and breastworks on the Ametzagana; his conduct at the ensuing battle, though showing personal bravery and coolness under fire, was inefficient and the odium will long attach to him of refusing to advance to the assistance of the devoted town of Bilbao. "The people of Bilbao, who had hailed Lieutenant-General Evans with so much rapture in 1835, must have been sadly disappointed when they found he had refused them all aid in their imminent danger in 1836."

Richardson closes this second part by saying that if Evans fails in his present plans—and "backed, as he will be, by some eight or nine thousand Spaniards, it will be very extraordinary if he does not succeed"—"the little military reputation he has already acquired must be lost."

He adds "Additional Movements," in which he shows that Evans failed "by a want of due caution"; that the disastrous termination of his plans was due to errors of omission and commission, delay due to his vacillation of purpose, "shameful abandonment of the position on the extreme left . . on which the safety

of the whole army seems to have depended." Moreover there were anomalies in his despatches of March and of July and his "despatches and orders of the day . . . are couched in terms of grandiloquence that approach very near to the bombastic." He talks about the soldiers being resolved to conquer; all the same "if the Lieutenant-General wishes them to conquer . . any resolution of theirs to that effect must be in vain, unless, when next his line is drawn up in battle array before Hernani, he has the foresight to guard the passes of the Uramea and to adopt the old-fashioned military habit of strengthening his flanks with reserves."

With this rather unworthy sneer, the book concludes.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

As the book published by Richardson at Montreal in 1838 deals with his troubles in Spain, it will be convenient to speak of it in this connection.

The full title is "Personal Memoirs of Major Richardson (author of 'Movements of the British Legion,' etc., etc., etc.,) as connected with the Singular Oppression of that Officer

while in Spain by Lieutenant-General Sir DeLacy Evans." It is dedicated to "The Honourable The Members of the House of Commons of Great Britain and Ireland . . ."

He tells of being put off the staff to make room for some favorite of the Brigadier, Evans' brother, when he himself was lying sick at Vittoria of typhus, unconscious of what was passing. This was certainly an unkindness approaching injustice, and it was never satisfactorily explained. It must be admitted, however, that the subsequent attitude of Richardson toward Evans rendered it impossible for the Lieutenant-General to make any explanation not due as a matter of right.

The omission to advance Richardson to a majority is on a different footing: he claims that he was promised the next vacant majority by Evans at Santander. Evans says that he does not recollect any such promise; that all recommendations for regimental promotion must be forwarded by the Commanding Officer, and that his C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, did not mention his name, but had recommended Captain Clarke, who received the vacant majority. Evans, before making the pro-

motion, asked Col. Ross why it was proposed to pass over the Senior Captain and was told that he had done scarcely any duty with the regiment and that he had retired from the action of May 5, 1836, at 8 o'clock in the morning, on the ground of a wound in the arm so slight as not to justify his having withdrawn himself. Even then Evans did not consent to passing Richardson over until he found Col. Ross' recommendation concurred in by the C.O. of the Brigade; Colonel Tupper, who had been killed, had also before his death recommended Captain Clarke.

One would think that on these facts Evans was justified in appointing the junior and in disregarding the suggestion of Col. Herman, the Assistant-Military Secretary, that Richardson should receive the brevet; but Richardson continued to the last to accuse Evans of personal spite and gross injustice. As to the decoration it would appear that Richardson was simply overlooked: he received the Cross a few days later and we hear no more complaint on that score.

On his return to Spain there was a vacant majority; but a difficulty now appeared of his own making. When in London, he saw the

proposed list of decorations to be awarded, and noticing that his own name did not appear in it, he wrote a letter marked "Private" to Col. Considine, the Military Secretary, detailing his claims to consideration, the precise terms of which he does not recollect. When he saw the order of the Lieutenant-General, he wrote another letter to Col. Considine, stating that he had all along suspected some private, influential, enemy at Headquarters, and "that this last most glaring act of injustice on the part of the Lieutenant-General had converted that suspicion into certainty." He added that "I had some reason to know the individual but that a time would arrive when I should not fail to strip him of his borrowed plumes." These letters, marked "Private," were opened by Major Herman, Assistant Military Secretary, as Col. Considine was laid up with a wound received in the engagement of May 5; Herman told the Adjutant-General and both showed the letters to Evans. Evans was very much displeased at the paragraph which spoke of stripping off the borrowed plumes. He wished to know who was referred to, but Richardson did not choose to name him—and I can-

not find that he ever did name him. He says of Evans: "Surely he could not fancy that I meant to allude to him, in writing of borrowed plumes."

Richardson called Col. Ross to task and demanded the vacant majority. Ross said that he had submitted his name "with that of the other wounded officers" for favorable consideration: and added that he did not know of any vacant majority. Richardson, failing to obtain an interview with Evans, wrote him a long letter complaining of having been passed over, claiming that his letters to Col. Considine were private and saying that the observations "could only refer to certain individuals whom I did not think it expedient to name."

Col. Ross did go and recommend him for the brevet, but Evans warned him to be cautious about it, as Richardson had made threats of exposure in England.

Then the officers of the 6th had heard that, when in England, he had reflected on Col. Tupper and the officers generally. This he denied: the officers countered with proof (of a kind) and Richardson was convinced of a plot against him; "it was obvious the Lieutenant-General had determined on making

the officers of the 6th instrumental to his views." The petty quarrel continued; Richardson saw Evans, who refused a private interview, and required all documents to come to him through the usual channel. That was done, and in the long run Richardson had his court-martial; the Court refused to look at the private letters, absolved him of unsoldierly conduct on May 5, and other wrong-doing; he received his majority and his honorable discharge and came to England, treasuring to the last a firm conviction that Sir DeLacy Evans was actuated throughout by private malice not unmixed with jealousy.

This work is not good reading: it gives one a low opinion of the author's common sense and prudence. It ends thus:

"Every engine of his power had been put in motion by General Evans to accomplish the ruin of an officer who had in no other way offended than by refusing tamely to submit, firstly to his injustice, secondly to his oppression . . . Yet this is the man—the political Tartuffe—the newly created Sir De Lacy Evans (so created through his very apostasy to the cause he at one time affected to advocate) . . . I charge him in his capacity of Commander of the British force in

Spain with having been guilty of the most flagrant, groundless and unprecedented tyranny that is to be found on military record . . I charge him with having violated one of the first and fundamental articles of our military code in preferring an accusation of the most heinous and cruel nature against an officer bearing Her Majesty's commission, without affording even an hour's notice for defence . .

Finally to him and his creatures, I address myself in the strong language of the poet:

'Falsus honor juvat et mendex infamia terret
Quem nisi mendarem et mendacem?' "

Were Horace's words ever less justly applied? Who would now suggest that DeLacy Evans, who fought bravely in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, who repulsed the attack at Sebastopol, ever received undeserved honor, or that he could with any decency be called a liar?[1]

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[1]The usual reading is:
Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et medicandum?
But "mendacem" has fair authority: "mendarem" must be a misprint. Anthon, by the way, does not like "medicandum," though he adopts it after Bentley and Zumpt. The quotation is from Horace, Ep., lib. I, 16, 39, 40.

NEWSPAPER VENTURES

NEWSPAPER VENTURES

THE NEW ERA, OR CANADIAN CHRONICLE

HIS paper was published by Richardson at Brockville, Upper Canada, in 1841 and 1842. It ran only for two volumes and Richardson contributed all the original matter.

This publication contained his "Jack Brag in Spain, by Mr. Hardquill,"[1] which does not seem to have been printed in separate form.

The author takes Jack Brag where Hook left him and puts him through a series of adventures in Spain, where he is a favorite with the commander, Don Lasho, and Major Templegrove. Jack Brag is an illiterate, impudent and somewhat cowardly officer; an inferior Thraso and a Captain Bobadil without the Captain's cunning. He is in the Legion at Trevino and elsewhere; but his adventures as a whole are vapid and uninteresting—as a

sample of his scholarship I copy part of a letter to the Commander:

". . . rode as fast as I could but couldn't meet no guns on the road . . . made them [the men] dig the darbies [spurs] into their horses' flanks . . the cause of the delay of the ordinance . . send this by one of the Lansirs . . . "

I strongly suspect that in this letter Richardson was hitting at Captain Archibald Calder, of the 6th Scotch, who had written him in Spain in 1836 a couple of letters with orthographical vagaries; but the matter is not worth investigating.

The New Era also contained Richardson's "Recollections of the West Indies." It contains an account of his voyage to, and residence in Barbados in 1816 with the Second or Queen's Regiment. He speaks most appreciatingly of Lieutenant C—— "who undertook to supply the absence of a regular medical officer" and who, during their tossing in the Bay of Biscay, when most of the officers were compelled to keep their beds, visited them, "not with senna, rhubarb and black draughts, but with such delicious mulled wine as would have stayed the spirit of one struggling in

his last agony." The amateur doctor attended and dressed the breast of a young woman; and cured her of the cancer though she died soon after of another disease.

Having escaped "the usual filthy and disgusting operation of shaving" on crossing the Line, by threatening the masquerading sailors with pistols, the detachment made Carlisle Bay, Barbados, December 6 (it would appear that this should be June 5). Richardson landed and, "followed by a hundred naked black urchins who greeted me at every step with the appellation of 'Johnny Newcome', at length succeeded in gaining the highroad to the Barracks."

The "black vomit," or yellow fever, was prevalent, numbers died the next day after seizure, including his friend M——; Richardson himself was attacked and narrowly escaped death. Sir James Leith, the commander in chief, was one of the victims. Richardson considers yellow fever, like intermittent fever, to be produced by miasma.

The shameful cruelty to the negro slaves of the tyrant proprietors comes in for severe reprobation, and the horrors of slavery are strongly represented. A vivid account of the

volcanic eruption on St. Vincent is also given. A court-martial sentenced three deserters to death and three to receive eight hundred lashes and be branded.

As we have seen, "Tecumseh" was republished in this journal. But it is chiefly important from the fact that here for the first time appeared Richardson's best work, "Operations of the Right Division of the Army of Upper Canada during the American War of 1812"; this appeared in fourteen numbers of *The New Era,* March 2 to July 22, 1842. It was intended to be the first only of three series, but no other was ever written.

The matter was published at Brockville in book form, 1842, under the title "War of 1812, First Series, Containing a full and detailed Narrative of the Operations of the Right Division of the Canadian Army." This was reprinted by the Historical Publishing Co., Toronto, 1902, with notes and a "Life of the Author" by Alexander Clark Casselman.

This edition is one of the best, if not the best, of Canadian publications; the "Life" is full and accurate, the bibliography is adequate if not quite complete, and the notes are apt,

sufficiently numerous and illuminating. That the author was rather more of a hero to the editor than the facts fairly warrant is to the discredit of neither. This edition must continue to be the standard, alike creditable to editor, printer and publisher.

The history begins with a justification of the employment as allies of the Indians, an echo of one chapter in "The Canadian Brothers," the declaration of war by the United States, June 18, 1812, and the riots of the "War Hawks." Then comes Hull's invasion and proclamation, Brock's reply, said to have been written by Mr. Justice Powell, and the capture of Michillimackinac. Tecumseh's defeat of Major Van Horne at Brownstown follows, with the horrible account of revenge taken by the Indians for the death of Logan, a young chief, the one Indian killed in that battle and by almost the last shot fired. A young warrior, at a signal from one of the elders, rose from his seat and struck the single American prisoner with his tomahawk, killing him on the spot. The next morning another prisoner was brought in and "the aged aunt of the deceased issued from

her tent and stole cautiously behind him . . Without any previous admonition, the heartless woman drew a tomahawk from beneath her mantle and buried its point in the skull of the victim . . The Indians around instantly despatched and scalped him, stripping the body of its clothes and committing violations on his person in which the cruel aunt of Logan bore a principal share." This tragedy was seen by Richardson himself who had joined the army as a gentleman volunteer.

Richardson describes as an eye-witness the Battle of Maguaga, the Capture of Detroit, the expedition to Fort Wayne, Frenchtown and the Battle of the Miami; interrupting the story of the latter with a page of complaint that Procter recommended all four volunteers of the 41st Regiment "as deserving of promotion," whereas Richardson was "the only one of the volunteers who chanced to have been engaged in the storming of the batteries"; and stating that a report made by Major Chambers, in which he says he "had the honor of being particularly mentioned, . . . seems to have been suppressed." He also took part in the second expedition to the Miami and the attack on Fort Stephenson. His last battle in the War

of 1812 was at Moraviantown where he was taken prisoner. The account of the Counsel of War at the Frontier before the retreat to the Thames, Tecumseh's indignant speech, the Indian applause, the retreat, the disastrous battle and Tecumseh's tragic death, is a fine piece of narrative. The description of the slaying and scalping of a Kentucky rifleman, within a few yards of where Richardson stood, cannot well be excelled in vigor and horror. Some of the particulars of this scene and of the council of war at the Detroit River are made use of in the poem "Tecumseh" with great effect.

A description of the Battles of Queenston Heights and Put-in-Bay, at which he was not present, is accurate and dramatic. The book concludes with an account of his prison experiences in Detroit, Put-in-Bay Island, Sandusky, Chillicothe and Frankfort (Kentucky); his return to Canada by way of Newport, Cincinnati, and Cleveland to Long Point. Outside of the chapters on Queenston Heights and Put-in-Bay, the work is, in reality, a personal narrative; as such it cannot easily be excelled and will always repay perusal. In any case it is a worthy piece of literature.

JOHN RICHARDSON

THE CANADIAN LOYALIST AND SPIRIT OF 1812

This paper was published in Kingston for eighteen months in 1843-4; it differs in no appreciable degree from the ordinary Canadian newspaper of the time. Opposed to the Government, its virulence was almost as great as that of the most virulent; and its literary merits, if any, are microscopical. It here calls for no further comment.

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[1] In his "Eight Years in Canada" (*post*, p. 99) Richardson tells us: "I had been engaged during the few months which intervened between my return from Spain and departure for Canada in the continuation of the adventures of Jack Brag." "Hook was delighted with this continuation of his satire, and after an attentive perusal declared it ought to secure to me at least £500"—but neither Colburn nor Bentley would publish it.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WORKS

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WORKS

ICHARDSON injects some of his personal story into almost all his books; a great deal into his "War of 1812"; but there are two which are wholly, or almost wholly, autobiographical: "Eight Years in Canada" and "The Guards in Canada."

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA

This work was intended to be inscribed exclusively to Lord Durham, but he died; and in the introduction, dated at Montreal, March 1, 1847, Richardson inscribed it "to the memory of Lord Durham, the founder of a great system; and to that of Lord Metcalfe, the true reader of the application of that system to a colony."

The book is frankly personal and discursive; it pretends to no sense of proportion—the ponies of the author and how he drove them

take up much more space than the trial and execution of Lount and Matthews; Lord Durham's insistence on having an egg warm from the nest for his breakfast at the British-American Hotel at Kingston and how the landlady satisfied him by dipping one a second or two in hot water, and John Neilson's devotion to the fascinating "weed"—he is the "father of smokers"—are as important as Durham's policy given in his famous Report on the Second Lower Canadian Rebellion.

Richardson begins with his leaving the London Docks on the *Ontario*, February 18, 1838; tells of his forty-five days trip,with Fanny Kemble a fellow passenger on her first trip to America; of his "perusal of the works of Hall, Hamilton and Miss Martineau" concerning America, whenever the "horrid nausea" would permit; and his stay at the Carleton, a large, new hotel in a central part of Broadway, where he met Sir Francis Bond Head, then on his way to England, and also Lord Gosford. His journey from New York begins March 29; on the *Rochester* to Albany, then by rail to Utica, stage-coach to Syracuse for twenty-five hours—"fifty miles over the most execrable of roads"; the insolence of the Irish hotel

porter, who would be d—d if he would unstrap the traveller's trunk; then by horse-cars from Syracuse twenty-five miles to Auburn, where he saw the celebrated Penitentiary; by stage coach to Rochester (sixty-four miles), passing over on the way, "the enormous length of a disproportionately narrow bridge traversing the Lake of Cayuga, one mile and eight rods in extent . . to a nervous person exciting in a high degree"; then by another coach, eighty miles to Youngstown on the Niagara Frontier, being taken for Lord Durham during this drive, then by ferry-boat to Canada—five days from New York to Niagara.

A first visit to Niagara Falls followed, where he was disappointed (as, indeed, everyone is)—"I felt admiration but no awe." A short stay at Niagara, where a younger brother (Robert) was Member of the Legislature, then to Toronto [1] where he delivered to Sir George Arthur, the Lieutenant-Governor, a letter he brought from Lord Glenelg to Sir Francis Bond Head; dined with Chief Justice Robinson, whose acquaintance he had made when they formed part of the guard of honor which took possession of Detroit, on the surrender,

August 12, 1812—the youthful soldier now become the grave and courteous judge. Then to Montreal and Quebec, where he met Lord Durham, informing him that he was in Canada to represent the London *Times*.

An appreciative account is given of Durham's policy, which recommended itself to Richardson. Durham naturally desired to stand well with the *Times* and paid Richardson marked attention: he suggested an Indian mission but Richardson declined it. Durham said, "You may rely upon it that I shall never lose sight of your interests, whether in Canada or in England."

The *Times* did not approve of the communications sent by Richardson; most of them were suppressed, but the few which were published met the approbation of the Liberals and were in part reprinted by the *Examiner* and other London papers. He was discharged, and lost his salary of £300 per annum because his opinion clashed with that of his employers.

Sir John Colborne, the new Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, arrived at Quebec and took part in a review of the troops on the Plains of Abraham. Richardson was struck, as were so many, with his resemblance to the

Duke of Wellington; Colborne was, however, much taller.

He went to Montreal, then to Quebec to bid good-bye to Durham, and to Montreal again. Some private business requiring his presence in Upper Canada, he left for Toronto. At Kingston he found the court-martial sitting to try Von Shoultz and several of his chief officers. He met Von Shoultz and was particularly and favorably impressed with his manner. He was "a gentleman and a soldier." Next day he left for Toronto where he remained three or four days; he defended the conduct of Colonel Prince in shooting the prisoner "Sympathizers" taken at Windsor, who had been "shot accordingly." He then left Toronto for Kingston in the armed steamer *Traveller* with despatches for Sir John Colborne at Montreal (twelve pages of discussion of the amazing fact that there had been, from the close of the War, in 1815, not less than five thousand desertions to the United States from the British troops serving in Canada).

Richardson then went to Amherstburg by way of Buffalo—but Amherstburg was changed, the harbor no longer resounded with the busy hammer of the ship-builder, no longer did three thousand Indian warriors from twenty

different tribes gather around the House of Council, the very town had altered its character, the streets were dull and dirty, the houses destitute of paint; he found himself a stranger. But he saw the house of his childhood, the "cage" or prison, the gate leading to the wharf, the store against which he had pitched marbles, the willow under which lay his hero brother. The clergyman of the Episcopal Church was "of very austere manners and unjustifiably prone to indulge in personalities against particular portions of his flock."

Finding it impossible to procure a house in Amherstburg he got a "Den" in Sandwich, which town and its people he found in the same condition of apathy and poverty as at Amherstburg; he availed himself of all opportunities of crossing the river, where he experienced a hospitality and kindness which he could never forget.

He draws a comparison between the Americans, "essentially a reading people," with scarcely an individual unfamiliar with the scenes in "Wacousta," and the Canadians, of whom "not more than one-twentieth . . . were aware of the existence of the book, and of

that twentieth not one third cared a straw whether the author was a Canadian or a Turk." They "are not a reading people."

However, one crown of bays was offered him: a committee formed to make all necessary preparations for commemorating the Battle of Point-au-Pelee Island with a public dinner, requested his presence as "another way of evincing their respect and admiration of the man of talent, and the accomplished gentleman . . . a gentleman who by the splendor of his genius has spread an additional lustre on his native country."

"General" Theller, the leader of the "Sympathizers," who had been captured and sentenced to death at Toronto, but had escaped from the citadel of Quebec, was then the editor of an anti-British paper in Detroit, *The Spirit of '76*—He warned his readers against "Major Richardson alias Stevens the Spy" describing him as "a man of middling height, rather inclined to corpulency, florid complexion, sandy hair and whiskers, of easy manners and martial carriage"; he warned the "Patriots" and advised "Give him a peep into futurity and he'll be satisfied." As Richardson had neither

sandy hair nor whiskers, but had worn a moustache for five-and-twenty years, he convinced the fire-eating Theller that he was not Stevens the Spy. Theller so told the "Hunters" and Richardson ventured as usual to Detroit.

To his "Wacousta" he had written, but never published, a continuation of the tale under the title of "The Canadian Brothers." He was strongly urged by his American friends to publish it forthwith; he stipulated for a list of subscribers and in a few days had about a hundred; he set off to Montreal to publish it, by boat to Buffalo, horse-car to Lewiston, "a rather nervous trip, then by boat to Montreal."

Finishing his task at Montreal towards the close of February, he prepared to return to Sandwich to his "nut-shell"; he resolved to travel the six hundred miles in his own vehicle, bought a box-sleigh and two black Canadian ponies, costing £25 (or $100) for the pair. Up the Lachine road he travelled to Lachine, Coteau du Lac, and Cornwall, where he stayed with an old brother officer of the King's Regiment, now become the sober Judge Jarvis. The snow now disappeared; a storm, in-

deed, soon covered the ground again with a "wet snow"; after four days' rest, to the west again through mud and slush, and after two days' exhausting travel Brockville was reached. Not a good hotel was in the place, the very indifferent best kept by a Yankee "pretty considerably independent." Colonel ——, Collector of Customs, sold him a wagon he had seized a few days before with smuggled goods for $26; and while it was being fitted with a proper box, showed him a "villa," adjoining his own grounds, which was to be "sold for a song." Richardson bought it with fourteen acres of land for £500—he found out afterwards it was worth about £200.

From Brockville he travelled to Gananoque, "one of the most miserable yet one of the most picturesquely situated villages in Canada"; a great part of the village was owned by a clan of M'Donalds, and it "has the reputation of producing the best flour in Canada, or even in the United States. It is fortunate that it can boast of something of which one may write favorably." Thence to Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope and Toronto, with the roads execrable throughout the greater part of the way; the accommoda-

tions for the "beast" being generally good, those for "man" not always of the most tempting character—a delightful meiosis.

Through Hamilton, Brantford (where Richardson falls into a curious error: "this scenery amid which were cradled the infant years of Brandt, immortalized by Campbell in his 'Gertrude of Wyoming' "), Paris, London, on toward home he sped, narrowly escaping death: his horses ran away, the wagon upset, he found himself lying on his back a few feet from the vehicle, and his "tiger," with his face downward, without sense or motion. This gives him an opportunity of telling the story of a fatal runaway accident in England in 1831, when "Colonel Gordon of the 51st Light Infantry and his young bride had been spending the day with my wife's family in Essex" and he "was then 'vegetating' in the neighbourhood while writing my 'Wacousta'. "

His wagon was fixed up Canada-fashion with a fence-rail lashed "fore and aft" in a manner familiar to all Canadian countrymen, but which would have puzzled a Long-Acre coachbuilder. On through Chatham to Windsor and Sandwich, where he arrived late in April. Before leaving for his "Rock Cottage"

at Brockville he attended the monster meeting in favor of General Harrison, "Tippecanoe," then a candidate for the Presidency. Here he gives a full account of the siege of Fort Meigs and the "affair of the Miami," May 5, 1813.

Toward the end of June he sent his heavy baggage by one of Mr. Dougall's vessels and himself set off by wagon, taking the Lake Erie shore road, a delightful journey. Reaching London, he passed "several days with the amiable and hospitable family of Colonel Askin, a short distance out of town." He visited Toronto, Napanee, etc., and in the early part of July "we reached Brockville." There he committed "the greatest act of folly" in selling his commission, and then he began the issue of *The New Era, or Canadian Chronicle*, buying the press in New York. He gives a full description of the trip to New York by way of Morristown, Utica and Albany; and his treatment in New York again leads him to moralize "on the vast difference of the reception I had invariably met with by the *reading* Americans and the *non-reading* Canadians."

Returning home, he started *The New Era*, a "name that had been selected in consequence of the important political changes which had

taken place in the country and the new principle of government then being followed upon the recommendation of Lord Durham by Mr. Poulett Thomson." It occupied him only an hour or two each day to prepare his leaders and other matter necessary for *The New Era*, and he amused himself principally with fishing and shooting, both of which he describes with animation and gusto—*Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.*

He made an application to the Governor, Poulett Thompson, Lord Sydenham, for government employment, called on him at Kingston and was promised consideration; but not a week afterwards, Sydenham had the accident which caused his death. Richardson is not too considerate in speaking of Sydenham: "what contributed greatly to render fatal the unfortunate accident which befell Lord Sydenham was the free indulgence he had been in the habit of giving to his appetites. His Lordship . . . was a sensualist and his sacrifices to Venus were scarcely less copious than those rendered to Bacchus," etc., etc. Nothing in Sydenham's administration was new or original, the way had been completely paved before him by Lord Durham, and he owed

his success to his condescending to flattery and little acts to which Durham would not stoop.

Baldwin does not fare much better: with "his extreme or republican views . . he insisted on the removal of the obnoxious colleagues" (Draper and Ogden) who did not share them; and when Sydenham "had the firmness to resist this insolent and Wat Tyler-like demand . . Mr. Baldwin retired from the Cabinet, a pretended martyr to the integrity of his public life!"

Admirer of Durham as he was, Richardson rather affected "the good old times when Responsible Government had not started up like a bugbear to frighten the collectors of customs into vigilance and attention to their duties," and when he was able to bring furniture, bought in Detroit, into Canada "without being subjected to the very disagreeable process of being interrogated as to whence it came, and consequently . . . spared some additional charges." It seems to me, born, brought up and living under Responsible Government, that no better testimonial could be given to it, no better evidence of its value, than this boast—before Responsible Govern-

ment, evasion of customs duties open to one who was of standing and in favor with the powers that be; under Responsible Government, the Customs Officers vigilant and attentive to their duties. It is indeed difficult, at the present time, to understand the mentality of one who puts this forth to the discredit of the new form of government, and the morality of one who states, not by way of confession, but of boast, that he had swindled the Customs; "the fruit of dexterity and address on the part of a French-Canadian whom I employed."

Richardson reprobates the admission of Baldwin and Hincks to the Cabinet: "Hincks, the editor of the *Toronto Examiner,* and the bosom friend of Mackenzie, with whom he communicated on the morning of the affair at Gallows Hill, when that traitor was in arms against the Government . . . was a libel of Colonial politics . . a zealous orangeman . . one of the most unprincipled adventurers on record . . capable of doing any dirty work . . with ingrained vulgarity . . recklessness and brutal temper . ." About the only thing Sydenham did that met Richardson's approval was his "dis-

missal of Mr. Berrie from the office of Clerk of the Peace at Hamilton for having publicly avowed sentiments hostile to his Lordship's administration."

Some months after Sydenham's death Edward Gibbon Wakefield called on Richardson with a letter from Charles Buller. Wakefield and Buller were, of course, Lord Durham's secretaries and assistants.

Sir Richard Jackson and Sir Charles Bagot were equally inefficient or worse. Richardson was passed over and went straight to Bagot. Bagot and Richardson agreed that the Council, in making appointments, had exhibited an "unjustifiable and indelicate interference with a privilege he considered ought to have been reserved wholly for himself"—(personal government pure and undefiled). Bagot declared that Richardson should have the first suitable office that became vacant, but later "disavowed all recollection of ever having made a promise of the kind." This bears a strong resemblance to the case of Sir DeLacy Evans and the majority which Richardson claimed.

However, the "enfeebled Governor" could not get an appointment for him. Richardson,

having removed from Brockville to Kingston, applied for a grant in furtherance of the object of completion of his "War of 1812," "that is to say of the operations of the Centre and Left Divisions." This was refused by the Governor: but Sir Allan McNab took the matter up in the House and the only dissentient vote was given by "Mr. James Durand, the father or some near relation of whom was strongly suspected of loyalty (sic) during the rebellion," and the sum of £250 ($1,000) was voted to the author.

But now he changed his mind and "determined to abstain for the present from entering upon a task which promised to be one of some labor without yielding the slightest remuneration in return," and determined not "to consider the sum of money which had been voted to me in any other light than as a remuneration for what had already been completed of the publication." For this act of plain dishonesty Richardson gives no satisfactory excuse although he has pages of explanation.

Abandoning all desire for further interference with the past, he threw himself into current Canadian politics: he started a paper in Kingston, the *Canadian Loyalist and Spirit*

of 1812. The New Era had been characterized by moderation, but now he "resolved to fall into the extreme of opposition and to leave no assailable weakness of the party in power untouched." He pursued his "course with undeviating hostility to the men who were scourging the country . . Hincks and his colleagues"; and when they fell from power by the efforts of the *Canadian Loyalist* and the Conservative press generally, the paper ceased, after being published for eighteen months only.

Sir Charles Bagot comes in for unsparing condemnation: Richardson says that even when he died, "such was the exasperation of the public mind that they scarcely accorded to him the common sentiments of regret which the departure of a human being from among his fellow-men occasions"—and certainly he accords to him none.

But a brighter day was now dawning for Canada: Sir Charles Metcalfe had arrived, Bagot died, broken-hearted, censured by the Colonial-Secretary, cursed by the Conservative press, whose gentlest names for him were "imbecile" and "slave," and some of whom "boldly pronounced a wish that his death might free the country from the state of

thraldom to which it had been reduced "by his trying to be a constitutional governor under Responsible Government."

Sir Charles Metcalfe and the Ministry disagreed; the Ministry resigned; "His Excellency's subsequent appeals to the people, made, as they were, in the purest spirit of candor and mild reasoning, . . had the effect of giving to him a working majority in the ensuing Parliament . . The victory . . . will ever endear him to Canadian posterity as the bloodless avenger of wrongs which have never yet had a parallel in Colonial misrule"—one more example of the wisdom of the maxim "Never prophesy unless you know."

Metcalfe repeatedly sought to obtain the consent of the Council to the appointment of Richardson to some office, but as often failed, until, at length, he "did manage to obtain their reluctant consent to his nomination to the command of a mounted police force" at the Welland Canal, and then "the stipend . . was so small—not a Captain's pay—that His Excellency was almost ashamed to offer it." But he did, and it was accepted; one month after Metcalfe's departure the force was reduced.

The work closes with the arrival of Lord

Elgin. A warning is given against the Radicals, whose motto is *Aut Caesar aut nullus* (the book has it "*nullis*"). "The crisis is one of interest and the people of Canada will watch it closely."

A very considerable part of this book is taken up with complaints of his treatment by Canadians and the Canadian Government. "England . . France . . Scotland . . Ireland . . every nation in the Old World has done honour to the profession of letters, and the United States . . glories, and justly glories, in the well-won reputation of her gifted Cooper . . Canada alone in the wide universe forms the exception."

"Had the inclination to appoint me [to a government post] not been wanting, a means might sooner or later have been found. I, a loyal subject of Her Majesty, who had brought out letters from the Colonial-Secretary and conferred services on the country, had been wholly passed over by the Council." (What "services" we are not told.)

JOHN RICHARDSON

THE GUARDS IN CANADA, OR THE POINT OF HONOR

This is a purely personal narrative of Richardson's quarrels with the officers of the Guards at Montreal in 1839, with "a gentleman in Detroit" in the same year, with Colonel Williams at Prescott in 1840, and with Colonel Chichester and two others in 1838.

Taking them in their chronological order, Colonel Chichester, when in Spain, and a Brigadier-General, had seconded a highly offensive resolution charging Richardson with outraging the feelings of the members of the Field Officers' Club, demanding his expulsion and the return of his subscription. This was under circumstances which rendered it impossible for Richardson to take any action on it at the time and Chichester later gave a written apology. He found Chichester an Inspecting Field Officer in Canada; strolling one day on the Champ de Mars, he saw Chichester striking his favorite dog, Hector, which was fighting a smaller dog; but he apologized. Then a young Mr. Mytton, son of the celebrated—or rather notorious—horseman of that name, thought it proper to act

toward Richardson "in rather a cavalier—nay, rude manner"; he repeated his rudeness and Richardson told him that he would be "under the necessity of sending to him in the morning." Captain —— said that his friend Mr. Mytton was not addressing himself to Richardson, whereupon he said that he would be under the necessity of sending to the Captain also in the morning! Captain —— apologized and that passed over. Another officer begged him to pay no attention to Mytton, "that was only his manner"; and he should treat him as but a rude and inconsiderate boy. Richardson was placated and let the matter rest.

The Guards episode is a good instance of "how not to do it." Richardson first met Colonel Barnard at the table of Sir John Colborne, "with whom I was rather a favorite until I adopted Lord Durham's views in favor of Responsible Government"; and through Barnard he became acquainted with the officers of the battalion generally. They dined with him and he with them.

One morning, having had a difference with a party whose name is not disclosed, on account of Richardson having (as was supposed) written an offensive article, he was called on by another

individual on behalf of the other; he refused to receive the messenger as he was not a gentleman. The next day Colonel Barnard and Colonel Crawford met him and told him that the party intended to "post" him. They walked together to the bottom of the hill and met the party; on Richardson making enquiry, he said that he did intend to post him and Richardson struck him a blow with his stick. A scuffle ensued, Richardson's stick was wrested from him and he fell, being pushed down by the horse. As he rose he said: "Now you scoundrel, I will meet you in half-an-hour." Richardson asked three different persons to act as second, and failed. He went home for his servant and pistols; he offered to take as second one of the persons accompanying his adversary—this was refused; he asked for delay till 8 o'clock the following morning, which was also refused, and he returned home late in the evening to curse the false friends. Then he sought out Mr. Weir, who offered to go immediately and arrange a meeting; he could not get a definite promise from the antagonist; and that night Richardson "was placarded over all the walls of every street and corner in Montreal as a coward." Richardson had been

invited to a ball by the Guards; this invitation was withdrawn and Richardson wrote: "Major and Mrs. Richardson know too well what is due to themselves to have profited by the invitation of the Grenadier Guards, under existing circumstances."

The adversary "swore the peace on him," and he gave two sureties in £100 each for his good behavior. Then he asked Sir John Colborne, the Commander of the Forces, for a court of inquiry; that, of course, was refused as he was not under Sir John's command. He was "cut dead by the whole of those very formidable bear-skin-capped gentlemen" and asked Sir John to censure them; but His Excellency could not interfere. He demanded from Colonel Ellison of the Guards an explanation of the withdrawal of the invitation to the ball and received it: "it would be very disagreeable if anything occurred to disturb the harmony of the ball." Richardson frankly said "that Colonel Ellison felt and acted throughout with all the delicacy . . of the high-minded gentleman," but all relations with the Grenadier Guards terminated. The example of the Guards was followed by many of the civil society, "who bowed and fawned

upon and licked the dust from beneath the feet of those gentlemen."

It is hard to get at the rights of this affair. but it may be said that it is absurd to think that Richardson was wanting in courage. It is fairly clear that he had not made himself a favorite with the Guards, and it seems likely that he received hard measure, lacking, as he was, in anything like *savoir faire* or a conciliatory mind or manner.

The Detroit affair, he thinks, grew out of the Montreal episode. A Canadian paper, the *Western Herald*, of Sandwich, published an article reflecting on the facilities afforded American visitors to Fort Malden; the Misses Mason, daughters of Governor Mason, chaffed Richardson about being the author and gave Lieutenant Schreiber as their informant. The lieutenant said that he only mentioned it as "a common rumor of the day"; and this, says Richardson, "was the first fruit of the notoriety given to my affair in Montreal by the conduct of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards. I had been accused of paragraph writing in one place and, of course, the same charge must hold good in another." Schreiber apologized and so ended that difficulty. But Richardson had

accepted the hospitality of a friend in Detroit and stayed some weeks in his house, in which resided a lady separated from her husband. The husband wrote to him that "he thought it exceedingly improper that I should continue to remain where observation and comment might arise prejudicial to his wife." He did not answer, the husband challenged, a rendezvous was fixed on Fighting Island; one afternoon in June he went there with his seconds; the husband did not turn up, but Mr. Joseph Woods, Member for Kent, did, and was about to arrest him when it was arranged that Richardson should cross over again to the United States. The adversaries were afterwards reconciled.

Shortly after taking up residence in Brockville, he was mixed up in another affair. He had been playing cards with certain officers one evening (he tells of paying £100 as one night's losses at cards to one gentleman). Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, commanding the particular service at Prescott, had made (as he heard) the remark that "if Major Richardson wishes to keep a gambling house, he had better select his own residence," and he wrote him a letter (insulting enough, be it

said) demanding an explanation; the Colonel declined; he had not the honor of being acquainted with him and didn't want to. Richardson replied expressing his contempt, which letter the Colonel handed to a Magistrate. Thereupon Richardson posted him in Ogdensburg and Prescott as "a cowardly, shuffling and contemptible slanderer," and the Colonel challenged him to a pistol duel at four paces. Richardson refused,[2] but offered to fight at ten paces; the Colonel would not hear of more than five—and there was no fight.

Sir Richard Jackson, the Commander of the Forces, "soon after the four paces farce had been acted," directed "that the officers under his command should have nothing to do with Major Richardson." But Richardson is quite convinced that "Colonel Williams would never have presumed to conduct himself," as he did, had the Guards "acted in the bold, manly and independent manner which was to have been expected from men" in their position.

Why this book was ever written must be a mystery to one who does not enter into Richardson's mentality and his sensitiveness in respect of everything which even seems to

besmirch his honor. Were it not for his repeated protestations, we might be tempted to think that it was written in favor of "the good old fashion instituted in the days of chivalry and manly heroism, and which the utilitarian spirit of this matter-of-fact age is fast seeking to discountenance but can never, it is to be hoped, effectually destroy."

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1 "I was present at this execution (of Lount and Matthews), which was conducted without any of the excitement which might naturally have been looked for at such a crisis, and it occurred to me that I had never seen two men more mean or less qualified in personal appearance at least, either to take the initiative in party or to be made the objects of selection for a politically criminal procedure."

2 His second gave as an excuse that such a duel, if anything fatal occurred, would subject the surviving parties to a trial for murder. He did not add that the same result would take place if the duel was at twelve paces or fifty. Chief Justice Robinson on the trial at Brockville in 1833 of John Wilson (afterwards Mr. Justice John Wilson) for murder in killing young Robert Lyon in a duel near Perth, said that while killing in a duel was in law murder, "Juries have not been known to convict when all was fair." See my article "The Duel in Early Upper Canada" 35 *Canadian Law Times* (September 1915), pp. 726, *et seq.*

TALES OF THE CHICAGO TRAGEDY

TALES OF THE CHICAGO TRAGEDY

T the very time when Richardson, a lad of fifteen, a gentleman volunteer attached to the 41st Foot, was assisting at the siege of Detroit, a tragedy was enacted near Fort Dearborn on the site of the present City of Chicago.

Captain Heald, with Lieutenant Helm and a small detachment of American troops, garrisoned the Fort; in April, 1812, a party of Winnebago Indians murdered two men near the fort; August 7 or 8, Heald received an order from General Hull at Detroit: "forthwith . . if it be yet practicable, evacuate your post and retire on Fort Wayne, after dividing the public property among the friendly Indians." Heald obeyed and marched out, August 12, notwithstanding the protest of Helm, Kinzie and Captain William Wells, who had arrived with twenty-seven Miamis. The Indians attacked

and all but ten of the soldiers were soon killed or wounded, the doctor, Van Dorns, being among the slain. Attacking the baggage waggons they killed every male but Kinzie, also two women and twelve children. Some of the women, including Mrs. Heald, were wounded. Mrs. Heald was taken to Michillimackinac and thence sent by the British Commander to Detroit, then held by the British; there Richardson saw and admired her.

He informs us, at the conclusion of "Wau-nan-gee," that he "had always intended the facts connected with the historical events of that period to be divided into a series of three, like the 'Guardsmen,' 'Mousquetaires' and 'Twenty Years After' of Dumas. Two of these, embracing different epochs and circumstances, we have completed in 'Hard-scrabble' and 'Wau-nan-gee,' and whether the third, on a different topic than that of war, and which, as we have just observed, is not necessary to the others, ever finds embodiment in the glowing language and thought of Nature, nursed and strengthened in Nature's solitude, will much depend on the interest with which its predecessors shall have been received." He more than hints that the projected third vol-

ume of the trilogy would deal with the life after the massacre of "the sweet and gentle Maria . . the loadstone of attraction to all who knew her." So far as can be discovered, the third volume was not written, and we must be content with "Hardscrabble" and "Wau-nan-gee."

HARDSCRABBLE

The full title is "Hardscrabble, or the Fall of Chicago," but the second part of the title is a misnomer, as Chicago does not fall or begin to fall in it. The plot is not complicated, if indeed the story can be credited with anything like a plot. As always with Richardson, the language is a little stilted, especially in the love passages.

Heywood, the son of an American Revolutionary officer, left to his own resources at the age of eighteen, emigrated to Kentucky, there amassed a fortune, and repaired to Charleston, where he married a lady of considerable landed property. They had one child, Maria. Heywood, leaving wife and child, went again to Kentucky, where he killed in a duel a young lawyer of good family; he then fled to Charles-

ton and it was decided that the family should bury themselves in the remotest civilized portion of the continent. They went to Chicago, the remotest of the western possessions of the United States.

Heywood erected a cottage near the Fort, "furnished from Detroit in what, at that period and so completely at the *Ultima Thule* of American civilization, was considered a style of great luxury." He also bought several hundred acres two miles up the southern branch of the Chicago River, and thereon built a log house and outhouses.

At the time of the story, Mrs. Heywood and Maria, now a tall and elegantly formed girl of eighteen, were living with a woman servant in the cottage across the river from the Fort—which, by the way, is accurately described—that the mother, who was seriously ill, might have the care and attention of the medical officer of the Fort.

The Commander of the Fort was Captain Headley[1]; rather a martinet, somewhat on the model of Colonel de Haldimar of "Wacousta," but not so stubborn. Lieutenant Elmsley,[2] with his wife, lived in the Fort as did Captain and

Mrs. Headley; Harry Ronayne, the ensign, in love with and loved by Maria Heywood,[3] was the other subaltern.

Heywood lived in his own house about four miles from the Fort, with his hired man, Ephraim Giles, a former American soldier, Le Noir, a French-Canadian, with a dog, Loup Garou, and a boy, Wilton, of fourteen.

The log cabin was invaded immediately after the mid-day meal by a dozen Winnebagoes in full war paint. Heywood sent Wilton to call Corporal Nixon and his party of six men who were fishing in a bay about two miles above the farm. Giles, by a ruse, made his way across the river and to the Fort, carrying a warning to the Commandant.

The action now becomes swift; the fishing party is attacked by a band of Winnebagoes, who had struck down and scalped Wilton on his way; they repulse the attack after recovering from the river their muskets, sunk by a clever trick of an Indian; they make their way to Heywood's cabin and find Heywood and Le Noir killed and scalped.[4] They, in their turn, stand a siege by the Indians, and are celebrating their success by eating an enor-

mous turkey obtained in a ludicrous way, when suddenly they are aware that the room is full of Indians. How this could possibly happen does not appear; no body of soldiers besieged by Indians could have allowed them to enter "by the back door" unobserved, and to possess themselves of the weapons of the soldiers.

But it turns out that these Indians are friendly Pottawattamies, led by Ronayne, dressed as an Indian. He had asked Elmsley to pass him out the gate just as young de Haldimar in "Wacousta" had asked the soldier Halloway; but Elmsley refused and Ronayne got out disguised as a drunken Pottawattamie. The boy Wilton was picked up by a soldier, who refitted the scalp which was found in the river; he was still living but died on the way to the Fort.

The Fort was not attacked nor was there any further casualty. Wau-nan-gee, a young Pottawattamie, falls in love with Maria Heywood, indicating future complications and tragedy; but he withdraws his attentions when he learns that she is Ronayne's. The dead body of Heywood is found and scratched up by the dog, Loup Garou, where it had been buried by Ronayne and his party. The body is reburied.

Ronayne makes a Fourth of July speech, "omitting all expressions of that rancor towards Great Britain which forms so leading a feature in American orations on this occasion."

Ronayne and Maria are married on this Fourth of July, 1812, by the Commandant, as "at that remote period and in the absence of duly ordained clergymen, it was customary for marriages to be performed by the Governors of districts and by Commanding Officers of district Forts."

An ominous incident took place during the ceremony: when Ronayne proceeded to place the ring on her finger it fell on the floor; "quick as thought, Wau-nan-gee . . stooped, picked it up, and attempted to place it upon the finger, still extended, for which it was designed." Ronayne intervened: "Gently, Wau-nan-gee, my good fellow, the husband only does that." Wau-nan-gee, his cheek becoming brighter and his eyes kindling into sudden fierceness, while his hand intuitively clutched the handle of his knife, at once relinquished the ring. Wau-nan-gee, fascinated, "moved not away, but the expression of his eyes had wholly changed; there was no longer to be remarked there the great melan-

choly of the poet, but the wild, restless, flashing glance that told of strong excitement within." When "Ronayne saluted his bride in the usual manner, his cheek became suddenly pale . . and with folded arms and proud attitude he withdrew slowly . . . to mingle more with the crowd . ." "And under those singular and somewhat ominous circumstances, were the long delayed nuptials of Harry Ronayne and Maria Heywood, the great favorites of the garrison, celebrated to the joy of all within the Fort of Chicago."

The farm of Heywood was, by Corporal Nixon, leader of the fishing party, given the name of "Hardscrabble," on account "of the hard struggle the fellows must have had with Mr. Heywood before they mastered him, judging from his wounds and his broken rifle."

Of course we find in "Hardscrabble" no indication in express terms of the author's intention to write further on the characters; but the fact that it is entitled "The Fall of Chicago" suggests that it is incomplete, and the "ominous incident" at the marriage is a further indication of a future supplement. Such a sequel Richardson did write in the work now to be examined.

WAU-NAN-GEE

The full title of this, the second work, is "Wau-nan-gee, or The Massacre of Chicago: a Romance."

In his "Prefatory Inscription" Richardson says that the whole of the text approaches so nearly to historical fact that any other preface than that which admits the introduction of but one strictly fictitious character—Maria Heywood . . must be . . . supererogatory." He gladly avails himself of the occasion "to circulate, through the most attractive and popular medium, the merits of those whose deeds and sufferings have inspired him with the generous spirit of eulogistic comment . . . those who were then our enemies but whose sufferings are well known to all, and claim our deep sympathy, our respect and our admiration—none more than the noble Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Helm, the former the wife of the Commanding Officer, the latter the daughter of the patriarch of Illinois, Mr. Kinzie."[5]

Coming now to the story, it will be remembered that "Hardscrabble" concluded with the account of the marriage, July 4, 1812, of

Maria Heywood with Harry Ronayne, her mother being in ill health. Mrs. Heywood died within a week of the marriage and was buried in the garden of the cottage across the river from Fort Dearborn. Mrs. Ronayne, visiting her mother's grave, was kidnapped by Pee-to-tum, a Chief of the Pottawattamies, but escaped. Ronayne, his wife, and the surgeon of the Garrison, riding on a subsequent day to "Hardscrabble," Mrs. Ronayne was captured by a party of Indians. Ronayne wished to search for her with a detachment from the Fort, but an Order[6] had come, August 12, from General Hull at Detroit to evacuate the Fort. A letter from Maria to Mrs. Headley said: "If I have yielded to the persuasions of the gentle, the affectionate, the devoted Wau-nan-gee, it is not so much on my own account as in the hope held out to me of a long future of happiness with the object of my heart's worship. For him I can, and do, make every sacrifice, even to the incurring of your displeasure": the surgeon told the story to Mrs. Headley of the capture of Maria by the Indians, so that she was convinced the whole had been planned and that Maria had willingly thrown herself into the power of Wau-nan-gee.

Notwithstanding the opposite opinion of Lieutenant Elmsley, of his father-in-law, McKenzie,[5] an old settler, and of Ensign Ronayne, and the open discontent of the soldiery, Captain Headley determined to abandon the Fort and depart at once for Fort Wayne. He calls a council with the desire and intention of conciliating the Pottawattamies, which Elmsley and Ronayne refuse to attend. Headley promises against the protests of McKenzie and Winnebeg, a prominent Indian, to divide the ammunition and provisions amongst the Indians, asking them, in return, for an escort to Fort Wayne.

Next night Headley, now being awake to the extent of the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, had the casks of liquor, and many of the powder barrels, emptied into the well and river; Ronayne, superintending this work, was saved by Wau-nan-gee from death at the hands of another Indian chief, Pee-to-tum; Wau-nan-gee assured Ronayne: "Ah love him much, Ronayne wife—love him Ronayne, too—Wau-nan-gee friend, dear friend—Wau-nan-gee die for him—Ronayne wife in Ingin camp—pale—pale—very much . . . . . Wau-nan-gee not make him wife. S'pose

him not Ronayne wife, then Wau-nan-gee die happy s'pose him Wau-nan-gee wife. Feel him dere, my friend—feel him heart—oh much sick for Maria—but Wau-nan-gee Ronayne friend . . no hurt him wife." He asks Ronayne to come with him to "squaw camp, stay there till battle over . . . Maria say come—must come;" but Ronayne is held by his duty. A letter is brought to him from Maria, with the tidings that the unfriendly portion of the Indians had intended to attack the garrison on the march after they had left the Fort. A letter to Mrs. Headley is still more explicit: Wau-nan-gee had learned of the treachery of Pee-to-tum, "not a full blooded Pottawattamie but a sort of mongrel Chippawa, adopted in the tribe for his untamably fiendish disposition"; had hastened to the Fort for the express purpose of Maria's safety, "to take her out of the Fort until all trouble was over, to conceal her in a spot, to watch her and to protect her as a brother." She had gone to Wau-nan-gee: "the crisis is desperate and anything to save my husband's life."

Next morning, August 13, Headley gave the Indians the cloths, blankets, trinkets and pro-

visions, but only one cask of liquor and one barrel of powder were forthcoming: he said that that was all that had been left. Pee-to-tum called him a liar; Headley struck him in the eye with his heavy military glove and trouble seemed imminent, when a band of five and twenty horsemen made their appearance under Captain William Wells,[7] uncle of Mrs. Headley and "the Hero of the Valley of the Miami." Wells, a native of Kentucky, who, adopted by the Miamis, fought with them against St. Clair, then abandoned his adopted father and his Indian wife and children and rejoined the whites, was made Captain, and fought under Wayne against the Indians.

After a diversion describing the surrender of Detroit by Hull, Richardson proceeds with the story. August 15, the column marched out, Captain Wells and his Miamis in the van; then the thirty men of the detachment, the wagons with women and children, the sick, the luggage and spare ammunition. Shot at by the Indians, the detachment formed a square and were again attacked. The Pottawattamies approached the wagons and began tomahawking the children; the surgeon was killed and scalped as was Captain Wells (his heart was

eaten); the Indians were seen to be bringing up a field piece from the Fort; Ronayne captured the cannon and turned it on the Indians; he then wounded Pee-to-tum, who had boasted of violating Maria; Pee-to-tum tried to kill him but was killed by a shot from the square.

The Indians offer to spare their lives if the Americans surrender; the offer is voted on, eleven men voted for, eleven against surrender and Lieutenant Elmsley gives the casting vote for surrender. The remnant of the detachment re-entered the Fort, leaving Ronayne grievously wounded. His wife, disguised as one of Wau-nan-gee's sisters, found him, only to watch him die; his dying words: "You will not be alone—Wau-nan-gee will love and protect you, obey your will."

Wau-nan-gee brought Maria's trunks from Hardscrabble; "she made up two large packages which were tied to the back of her saddle, while the youth strapped two others similarly prepared, with provisions, behind his own pony. Thus provided, and Wau-nan-gee with his rifle on his shoulder and otherwise well armed, they set out at daybreak" for Detroit.

The rest of the story is soon told: on the third day after the battle the prisoners were divided

into small parties and scattered at various intervals of distance from Mackinaw, then in British hands. Mrs. Headley was taken some three hundred miles away to Mackinaw, and by the British Commander sent to Detroit and "little did we, at the time, as we shared in the general and sincere homage to her magnificence of person and brilliancy of character, dream that a day would arrive when we should be the chroniclers of Mrs. Headley's glory, or have the pleasing task imposed on us of re-embodying after death, the inimitable grace and fulness of contour that then fired the glowing heart of the unformed boy of fifteen for the ripened and heroic, although by no means bold or masculine, woman of forty."[8]

"Ev'n in our ashes live our wonted fires."

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[1] Of course Captain Nathan Heald, who was in command at Fort Dearborn in 1812.

[2] Lieutenant Linai Taliafero Helm, a Virginian.

[3] Both fictitious characters.

[4] It is a historic fact that the first act of hostility by the Winnebagoes at Chicago was the killing and scalping of two men not in the Fort.

[5] He is called "McKenzie" in the story and that was his original name. Born in Quebec in 1763, he carried on business there as a jeweller, but became a trader in the western United States. He took the name Kinzie (his first name was John). In 1802 he established

a post on the present site of Chicago of which he was the earliest white settler. He also had posts on the Illinois, Kankakee and Rock Rivers. He died at Chicago, Jan. 6, 1828.

6 Brought by Winnebeg, a friendly Indian—the real name seems to have been Winne Mag.

7 Captain William Wells is a historical character: he arrived at Fort Dearborn just before the massacre with about twenty-seven Miamis.

8 A very full and accurate account of the Chicago Massacre will be found in Milo Milton Quaife's "Chicago and the Old North-west, 1673-1835," Chicago, 1913. Lieutenant Helm's account is given in 8 Michigan Pioneer Collections, pp. 648-652: for most purposes Prof. Clarence Walworth Alvord's "The Illinois Country, 1673-1818," Springfield, Ill., 1920, pp. 440, 441, may be found sufficient—53 Americans were killed, about fifteen Indians; "a veritable shambles."

THE MONK KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN

THE MONK KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN

HE only edition of this work was published in New York in 1850. The story is pretended to be translated from an old French manuscript which was placed in the author's hands in 1837 by a servant in a dilapidated castle in Auvergne owned by the Baron de Boiscourt, under a promise not to speak of it while there was a single member of the family of de Boiscourt living.

During the times of the Kingdom of Jerusalem about eighty years after the conquest of the City by Godfrey de Bouillon (1099), Baron de Boiscourt became intimate with Abdallah, the Monk Knight of St. John. Of Moorish origin and abducted in infancy by the Maltese, Abdallah had been compelled to abandon his religion and adopt the cowl. He became a fervent Christian and joined the Knights of St. John, the strictest of the religious orders.

He was not less noted for his military prowess than for his scrupulous observance of his vow of chastity.

The occasion of the two friends first meeting is described luridly and minutely in language hardly allowable at the present time in decent literature, and more in the manner of Aphra Behn than of Dickens or even Fielding. Abdallah had rescued Zuleima, one of the wives of Saladin, about to be violated by Christian soldiers, and was himself falling a victim to her nude charms when de Boiscourt came on the scene; she spent the night in de Boiscourt's tent, the willing victim to the adulterous desire of de Boiscourt, and was taken to Saladin next day.

De Boiscourt exacts a promise from Abdallah that he will marry Ernestina, de Boiscourt's wife, if he should be killed. Abdallah takes part in an attack upon the Saracen camp by three hundred chosen Knights of St. John and of the Temple; and is one of the three survivors of the fearful carnage which ensues.

At the Battle of Tiberias (July 4, 1187), de Boiscourt was left on the field for dead, after his life had been saved three times by Abdallah. Abdallah, going to the camp of Saladin

to ask honorable burial for his friend, sees Saladin strike the head of the Grand Master of the Templars from his shoulders with one rapid blow of his scimitar.

A Christian lad, Rudolph, being taken prisoner, becomes at the instance of Zuleima a Mahometan, her page and her paramour. Whole pages are given to the description of her voluptuousness and passion. Abdallah, also a prisoner, thinks of Lady Ernestina, but falls a victim to Zuleima's charms, admits his sin to his Grand Master and glories in it. Zuleima saves his life by telling her husband how Abdallah had saved her from the Christian soldiery. The other knights are slain. Abdallah discovers that Zuleima is his sister, and Zuleima, renouncing the creed of the Prophet, embraces Christianity.

The Monk Knight comes to the Lady Ernestina disguised as the Monk Gonzales, hears her admit her passion for Abdallah and later is admitted to her chamber, pretending to be de Boiscourt. He makes himself known and is received as a husband with "joy, supreme joy;" he tells her with exultation of the episode with Zuleima. They are privately married the following day and pass six months

together; she becomes *enceinte*—when de Boiscourt returns. Not recognized by either, he is about to kill Abdallah, and has already stabbed him with a poignard, when Ernestina begs his life.

Shortly afterwards de Boiscourt makes himself known to Ernestina, but she decidedly prefers Abdallah, as her love for de Boiscourt is dead. He offers to become Abdallah's page but declines to marry Henriette, Ernestina's maid. Abdallah and Ernestina drive him away; with the assistance of his man, Coeur-de-Fer, he captures them and imprisons them in secret rooms, separated by iron bars but visible to each other.

The return of de Boiscourt is publicly announced, and the marriage of Abdallah and Ernestina annulled. De Boiscourt had agreed, on a condition unnecessary to state, that Abdallah and Ernestina should be for ever with each other, and himself makes love to Henriette. The Countess of Clermont tries to seduce Abdallah, again disguised as the real Monk Gonzales; Rudolph returns also and is to marry Zuleima; Ernestina is poisoned by the Countess of Clermont, who is apparently killed by Abdallah with her para-

mour, Coeur-de-Fer. Ernestina dies and Abdallah poisons himself. The Baron is to marry Henriette; the night before the nuptials the Countess of Clermont finds them together and tries to kill Henriette, mistaking her for Ernestina; the Countess then confesses that she is the mother of Henriette, seduced at sixteen by her uncle, the Bishop of Clermont, and a mother at seventeen; then she stabs herself and dies. The Baron and Henriette are married by the Bishop and "live happy ever after."

And so ends this amazing and shocking tale of love and lust, sin and blood, unrelieved by one single decent feature or a gleam of humor; no woman but was lascivious in the extreme, no man but was the slave of the vilest animal passion gratified on all occasions and at whatever cost of honor or decency. It comes well within Jerdan's characterization of "Écarté": "disgusting" and "fit only for the stews." The whole work reminds one of Matthew Gregory ("Monk") Lewis' "Ambrosio, or the Monk," after which it is in part modelled and which it rivals and outdoes in indecency.

ANTHOLOGY

TECUMSEH*

In Canto I the British Fleet sets out to attack the American.

V

But now the breeze is up—the anchor weigh'd—
The swelling canvas bends before the gale;
Each towering ship, in battle-pomp array'd,
In distance answers to the chieftain's hail;
Each warrior-brow is clear'd—nor gloom, nor shade,
Nor disappointed feelings now prevail:
All hearts are light—the chase is full in view—
They pant for combat, and forthwith pursue.

VI

Nor long they follow—nor a coward foe,
Nor one unus'd, unskill'd in naval war;
Their sails are instant clew'd—their course is slow—
Each bark awaits her rival from afar;
While with a secret, and exulting glow
They count the little fleet who cross the bar,

*These extracts are taken from the English edition, 1828.

And reckless of their weakness dare engage,
And with superior force the contest wage.

VIII

And now the thick sulphureous mists ascend,
And Murder opens all her mouths of blood;
While streams of light with curling volumes blend,
And dart along the surface of the flood,
Which, startled at the cries of foe and friend,
Shrinks back, and seems as 'twere to brood
O'er scenes of fearful death, which darkly stain
The spotless bosom of her silvery plain.

XII

And who are they who, thus exulting, wake
Each spring of action in that lengthened shout?
Whose the wild sounds which too delusive break
Upon the wond'ring ear, and eking out
In distance ring along the troubled lake,
Startling the storm-bird in its wonted route,
And, e'en amid the cannons' ceaseless roar,
Is heard in echo on the distant shore?

XIII

It is the lion-band, who fondly deem
That hour arriv'd so pleasing to the brave;
Already Victory hath appeared to beam
Upon their brows,—for many a watery grave
Their foes have found, and in the flattering dream
Of hope they reck of little left to crave:
The eagle standard from the chieftain's prow
Is dash'd below, and triumph hovers now.

Tecumseh's defence of his country from American aggression:

XXXV

Nor wrong the chieftain of the snow-white crest:
For scarce ten moons had dipp'd in silvery dew
The verdant beauties of the glowing west,
When now a mighty mass of foemen threw
Their lengthen'd columns o'er the soil, and press'd
The spot where first the generous warrior drew
The rich warm breath of sacred liberty,
And swore to fall, or set his country free.

XXXVI

'Twas then that, like a mighty avalanche,
His arm gigantic with his wrath kept pace,
And, rear'd on high, like some vast towering branch
Of a tall pine, dealt vengeance for a race
Whose bleeding wounds the warrior swore to staunch
With the deep groans of those he pledg'd to chase
Like the fierce monsters of his native wood,
Till gorg'd with victims and with human blood.

XXXVII

How well that purpose of his soul he kept,
Whole hecatombs of bleaching bones and clay,
O'er which nor sorrowing spouse nor sire e'er wept,
Too well attest; no burial rite had they—
No tomb in which their ashes hallowed slept;
But, torn by vultures, and by beasts of prey,
E'en fertilized the bosom of that soil
They came with savage fury to despoil.

Tecumseh's grief for his son slain:

XLVII

Or where was he, who near Miami's wave,
When coward hatchets madly rose to stain
The well-earn'd laurels of the generous brave,
Dash'd fiercely thundering 'mid the recreant train,
And swore to sheathe his yet ensanguin'd glaive
In their vile hearts, and strew them o'er the plain—
While as he fell'd to earth the tainted barb,
He shone the savage but in hue and garb?

XLVIII

Alas! he saw not—while the warrior stood
Near the pale ashes of his martyr'd boy,
With folded arms and melancholy mood,
And rapt in contemplation's drear employ:
As with a father's scrutiny he view'd
The blasted promise of life's only joy,
A panting envoy from the Christian chief
Broke on the fulness of his tearless grief.

The morning hours at Amherstburg:

II

The hour is that, when checking his career,
The god low stoops to kiss his mistress
Earth;
And with his breath consuming dry the tear
With which fell Night, of melancholy birth,
Damps the warm bosom of the glowing
sphere.
Whose face, now radiant, proves her secret
mirth,
And burning blushes mark the mighty power
Of him her lover in that ardent hour.

III

The slumbering lake is one broad, silvery
plain,
Within whose mirror move, reflected there,
Along the cloudless sky, a mingled train
Of various birds, which cleave the highest
air,
As if unable longer to sustain
The warmth of Earth, which, like the Siroc
drear,
Enchains all nature in its magic fold,
And fills the atmosphere with flakes of gold.

IV

The mountain-deer winds fearless to the tide,
And laps his pendent tongue within the stream;
Then panting casts him at the gaunt wolf's side
(Struck by the ardour of the raging beam),
Whose wearied frame in strange inaction tied,
Lies tame and spell-bound there, as if a dream
Or incantation hung upon the scene,
And chang'd his nature with creation's mien.

V

The scaly serpent, deck'd in hues of gold,
Basks near the drooping warbler of the spray;
Nor twines him now in close and tortuous fold,
To spring envenom'd on his wonted prey;
That eye, which late all fascinating roll'd
In colors brilliant as the Iris' ray,
Has lost its dreadful harmonies to lure,
E'en though the victim felt it not secure.

VI

The very waters, with the heat imbued,
The languid fishes now essay to shun,
Save where the weeping willows, thickly strewed,
O'erhang the streams, and shield them from the sun;
There, blended in one group, a gasping brood
Of harmless sporters all-confiding run,
And linger near the fierce, voracious pike,
Who, with the power, lacks the will to strike.

Tecumseh before the Battle of Moraviantown:

XXVI

For him again that moon may never rise,
That sweet air freshen, or those waters flow:
Another sun shall gild his native skies,
But ere in the far west his last tints glow,
The song of war, which o'er the valley flies,
Shall bear him swift on his accursed foe,
Whose ranks must thicken in the path of death,
Or purchase vict'ry with his dying breath.

XXVII

Such fate with him can boast no other sting
Than that which fastens on the truly brave,—
Those deep despairings of the soul, that bring
The thought that, in his dark and lonely grave
Must die the hopes which in his bosom spring
To free his groaning country, and to save
The faithful remnants of his weakened bands
From the dire fury of the foeman's hands.

XXVIII

And as he linger'd o'er the thought, like burning oil,
The prestige deeper fann'd his bosom's fire;
The hours which flew in darkness o'er the soil
Were weights imposed upon his deathless ire:
And now he panted for the fierce turmoil
With rage unpitying, and with wild desire;
And gnash'd his teeth, as fancy mark'd each foe
Gasping, and writhing 'neath his vengeful blow.

ÉCARTÉ

Comte de Hillier, the notorious duellist, is thus described:

"This nobleman was now in his twenty-sixth year; his person would have been accounted good, had not the natural elegance of his figure been destroyed by an offensive carelessness of carriage, strikingly expressive of insolence and disdain. His features, also, were regular, and would have been considered handsome, had it not been for the contemptuous curl, which not merely played around the lip, but contracted the muscles of his face, even unto distortion of the countenance, and the fiend-like expression of his eyes, which were dull and glassy and filled with malignant cunning. His rank and fortune had given him access to the first society in Paris; but such was the brutal ferocity of his nature, that more than one member of that society had found reason to curse the hour of his introduction, in lamenting the untimely fall of some dear friend or relative by his ruthless hand. Urged by a wanton thirst for notoriety, and priding himself on a dexterity in the use of weapons, which none of the young men

around him could succeed in attaining, he often deliberately and without provocation fastened insults on the inexperienced, which led to results almost ever fatal in their character to the latter.

"At the period now alluded to, his reputation had become notorious; and although the houses of many of the more respectable families in Paris were closed against him, while in others he was received with cold and studied politeness, he still continued to keep up a certain connexion. Many of the young fashionables of the day adhered to him; some from fear, some from vanity, some from the notoriety attached to his name, and some from the similarity of their tastes and pursuits in the haunts of dissipation in which they were wont to meet. By far the greater number of these hated him; but wanting courage to avow their real sentiments, were content to wish his downfall in secret."

The drawing room at Madame Astelli's is thus described:

"Nothing could surpass the magnificence of the scene. A flood of light seemed to burst from the rich crystal lustres, which studded

the walls of the gilded apartments, and were reflected from the splendid mirrors filling up the intervals between each, multiplying the objects into almost infinitude. Glittering in jewels, covered with plumes, adorned in all the elegance of Parisian costume, a hundred fine and voluptuous forms arrested the eye in quick succession. A few German and Italian women, who could readily be distinguished—the former by the rich fulness of their proportions, the latter by the almost overpowering lustre of their eyes—were among the number; the remainder were almost exclusively French, and from every province, from the blood-exciting plains of the south, to the more frigid regions of the north. The men were of almost every country: French, English, Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Germans and Portuguese, composed the throng; and many of these, with the exception of the English, wore some decoration pending from their breasts."

When Dormer went to see Adeline Dorjeville this is what he found:

"It was impossible for Dormer even with all the anxiety incident to his position, not to be struck by the extreme air of confusion pervad-

ing the apartment into which he had been thus hastily and unceremoniously ushered. On the breakfast table, and mingled with the several fragments, were profusely scattered various pots of solid, and phials of liquid *rouge, pomades, graise d'ours, crêmes pâtes d'amandes,* and all the thousand auxiliaries necessary to the toilette of a Parisienne in the decline of her beauty. A small *miroir* rested in a slanting position against a coffee cup, while a piece of burnt cork for shadowing the eyebrows, and a light *bougie*, announced that the operation of the toilet had been disturbed in some sudden and disagreeable manner. A pack of dirty cards with which the good fortune of the owner had no doubt been told a hundred times over, were lying scattered on the same table, and with these, a fair haired, bare legged little girl, apparently about five years of age, and covered simply with a *chemise de nuit*, was amusing herself with all the eagerness of her years. At a little distance from the table, and on one side of the dull fire, before which the contents of the coffee pot were stewing and simmering, stood a foot bath, and on the other a *canapé*, at one extremity of which, a large,

white, unwashed poodle dog lay snoring and stretched at his full length, intruding at intervals on a variety of rich costumes that lay on the opposite end, and had evidently been thrown off the preceding evening. A pair of fine embroidered cotton stockings, and a pair of satin shoes, one of which was burst on the instep, lay immediately in front of the fire. These were the principal objects in the foreground: nor was the perspective at all out of keeping. But we dare not venture into a closer detail of these mysteries."

WACOUSTA*

Wacousta, a prisoner in the Fort, having promised that if his hands be set free he would send a message to Pontiac to send Captain de Haldimar (who was a prisoner) to Detroit, is set free from his bonds.

Colonel de Haldimar turns to speak to Sir Everard.

"The command was executed, and the prisoner stood once more free and unfettered in every muscular limb. A deep and unbroken silence ensued, and the return of the adjutant

* These extracts are from the Toronto edition of 1906.

was momentarily expected. Suddenly a loud scream was heard, and the slight figure of a female clad in white came rushing from the piazza in which the apartment of the deceased de Haldimar was situated. It was Clara. The guard of Wacousta formed the fourth front of the square, but they were drawn up somewhat in the distance, so as to leave an open space of several feet at the angles. Through one of these the excited girl now passed into the arena, with a wildness in her air and appearance that riveted every eye in painful interest upon her. She paused not until she had gained the side of the captive, at whose feet she now sank in an attitude expressive of despair.

" 'Tiger!—monster!' she raved, 'restore my brother!—give me back the gentle life you have taken, or destroy my own! See, I am a weak, defenceless girl; can you not strike? You have no pity for the innocent. But come,' she pursued, mournfully, regaining her feet and grasping his iron hand, 'come and see the sweet, calm face of him you have slain; come with me, and behold the image of Clara Beverley; and if you ever loved her as you say

you did, let your soul be touched with remorse for your crime.'

"The excitement and confusion produced by this unexpected interruption was great. Murmurs of compassion for the unhappy Clara and of indignation against the prisoner were no longer sought to be repressed by the men, while the officers, quitting their places in the ranks, grouped themselves indiscriminately in the foreground. One, more impatient than his companions, sprang forward and forcibly drew away the delicate hand that still grasped that of the captive.

"While he was yet turned to that officer, who had taken his post as commander in the inner angle of the square and with a countenance that denoted the conflicting emotions of his soul, he was suddenly startled by the confused shout and rushing forward of the whole body, both of officers and men. Before he had time to turn, a loud and well-remembered yell burst upon his ear. The next moment, to his infinite surprise and horror, he beheld the bold warrior rapidly ascending the very staff that had been destined for his scaffold, and with Clara in his arms!

"Great was the confusion that ensued. To

rush forward and surround the flagstaff was the immediate action of the troops. Many of the men raised their muskets and in the excitement of the moment would have fired had they not been restrained by their officers, who pointed out the certain destruction it would entail on the unfortunate Clara. With the rapidity of thought Wacousta had snatched up his victim while the attention of the troops was directed to the singular conversation passing between the governor and Sir Everard Valletort, and darting through one of the open angles already alluded to, had gained the rampart before they had recovered from the stupor produced by his daring action. Stepping lightly upon the pegs, he had rapidly ascended to the utmost height of these before anyone thought of following him, and then, grasping in his teeth the cord which was to have served for his execution, and holding Clara firmly against his chest while he embraced the smooth staff with knees and feet closely compressed around it, accomplished the difficult ascent with an ease that astonished all who beheld him. Gradually, as he approached the top, the tapering pine waved to and fro, and at each moment it was expected that, yielding to

their united weight, it would snap asunder and precipitate both Clara and himself upon the rampart or into the ditch beyond.

"More than one officer now attempted to follow the fugitive in his adventurous course; but even Lieutenant Johnstone, the most active and experienced in climbing of the party, was unable to rise more than a few yards above the pegs that afforded a footing, and the enterprise was abandoned as an impossibility. At length Wacousta was seen to gain the extreme summit.

"Axes were instantly procured, and two of the men now lent themselves vigorously to the task. Wacousta seemed to watch these preparations with evident anxiety, and to all it appeared as if his courage had been paralysed by this unexpected action. No sooner, however, had the axemen reached the heart of the staff than, holding Clara forth over the edge of the rampart, he shouted:

" 'One stroke more and she perishes!'

"Instantaneously the work was discontinued. A silence of a few moments ensued. Every eye was turned upward—every heart beat with terror to see the delicate girl held by a single arm, and apparently about to be pre-

cipitated from that dizzy height. Again Wacousta shouted:

" 'Life for life, de Haldimar! If I yield her shall I live?'

" 'No terms shall be dictated to me by a rebel in the heart of my own fort,' returned the governor. 'Restore my child, and we will then consider what mercy may be extended to you.'

" 'Well do I know what mercy dwells in such a heart as yours,' gloomily remarked the prisoner; 'but I come.'

" 'Surround the staff, men,' ordered the governor, in a low tone. 'The instant he descends secure him, lash him in every limb, nor suffer even his insolent tongue to be longer at liberty.'

" 'Boyce, for God's sake open the gate and place men in readiness to lower the drawbridge,' implored Sir Everard of the officer of the guard, and in a tone of deep emotion that was not meant to be overheard by the governor. 'I fear the boldness of this vengeful man may lead him to some desperate means of escape.'

"While the officer whom he addressed issued a command, the responsibility of which he

fancied he might under the peculiar circumstances of the moment, take upon himself, Wacousta began his descent, not as before by adhering to the staff, but by the rope, which he held in his left hand, while he still supported the apparently senseless Clara against his right breast with the other.

" 'Now, Colonel de Haldimar, I hope your heart is at rest,' he shouted, as he rapidly glided by the cord; 'enjoy your triumph as best may suit your pleasure.'

"Every eye followed his movement with interest, every heart beat lighter at the certainty of Clara being again restored, and without other injury than the terror she must have experienced in such a scene. Each congratulated himself on the favorable termination of the terrible adventure, yet were all ready to spring upon and secure the desperate author of the wrong. Wacousta had now reached the centre of the flagstaff. Pausing for a moment, he grappled it with his strong and nervous feet, on which he apparently rested to give a momentary relief to the muscles of his left arm. He then abruptly abandoned his hold, swinging himself out a few yards from the staff, and returning again, dashed his feet against it

with a force that caused the weakened mass to vibrate to its very foundation. Impelled by his weight and the violence of his action the creaking pine gave way; its lofty top gradually bending over the exterior rampart until it finally snapped asunder, and fell with a loud crash across the ditch.

"Desperate as were the exertions of Wacousta, who evidently continued his mode of flight from a conviction that the instant his person was left exposed the fire-arms of his pursuers would be brought to bear upon him, the two officers in front, animated by the most extraordinary exertions, were rapidly gaining upon him. Already was one within fifty yards of him when a loud yell was heard from the bridge. This was fiercely answered by the fleeing man, and in a manner that implied his glad sense of coming rescue. In the wild exultation of the moment he raised Clara high above his head, to show her in triumph to the governor, whose person his keen eye could easily distinguish among those crowded upon the rampart. In the gratified vengeance of that hour he seemed utterly to overlook the actions of those who were so near him. During this brief scene Sir Everard had dropped

upon one knee, and supporting his elbow on the other, aimed his rifle at the heart of the ravisher of his wife. An exulting shout burst from the pursuing troops. Wacousta bounded a few feet in air, and placing his hand to his side, uttered another yell more appalling than any that had hitherto escaped him. His flight was now uncertain and wavering. He staggered as one who had received a mortal wound, and discontinuing his unequal mode of retreat, turned his back upon his pursuers, and threw all his remaining energies into a final effort at escape."

THE GUARDS IN CANADA

Stating the effect of his note to the Grenadier Guards Richardson says:

"It would appear that my note to the Grenadier Guards must have embraced an affront to the whole Garrison, for the two regiments of the line, then in Montreal, and including men who had been in the habit of visiting—nay, dining—at my house, following the course of the bear-skin-caps, no longer did me the honor to bless me with the light of their rosy and rubicund faces. But this was not all.

There is no country in the world—certainly no colony—wherein the military have such absolute and exclusive rule as in Canada, or are so slavishly copied. Like so many curs (I confine myself to their imitators) the few young men who aim at being considered extremely fine and extremely fashionable, both in speech and manner, may be seen following in the wake of the men in scarlet, sniffing at their heels, and proud to be permitted to tread in their footsteps; while the men they adulate, treating them with the secret contempt their conduct so justly merits, reward their servility by monopolizing the attentions and affections of their women—few of whom ever condescend to notice a civilian, when a red coat is the competitor for favor. Some of these women flirt with regiment after regiment, as they succeed each other in garrison, until they have absolutely grown wrinkled in the almost diurnal occupation. These may ever be distinguished by the loud laugh and speech, the bold look of effrontery, and the dissipation-telling cheek, on which the blush of virgin timidity has long ceased to mantle, as they saunter up and down the pavé, or frequent all places of public resort, the scorn of some—the

pity of others—and the astonishment of all. I could name half a dozen of those misguided, half-educated women, who take the lead in this sacrifice of the commonest principles of delicacy and propriety; but will not so far gratify those who have not yet made the same progress in a semi-courtesanship which has repeatedly been denounced from the pulpit—Catholic as well as Protestant—yet denounced in vain. Indeed, could credence be given to all that is said of some—not covertly, but openly said—not the painted, but far more modest looking harlot who daily frequents the same promenades, can have reason to envy the more *distinguées* of her sisterhood, on the score of morals. And yet, these latter affect to regard as beneath them on the social scale, those of their own sex, who, with ten times their talent, natural and acquired, do not mix in their tainted coterie of vicious ignorance. Nor can it be wondered at, that they should be thus—for the mothers of the unblushing, dissipated looking women to whom I allude, having, in their youth, paid adoration at the same idol, are rather glorified than pained by unfeminine conduct of those

whom they seem to have trained but to one sole purpose—that of entrapping a military lover.

"But, I have, insensibly, digressed from the parasites of their own sex. It would be in the highest degree amusing, were it not for the humiliation, and the shame for one's kind, induced by the sad contemplation, to behold the abjectness of self-gratulation—the silly pompousness of manner of those, the first desire of whose small hearts is to be deemed on familiar terms with a red coat, without the slightest reference to the qualifications—the talent or ignorance of him it covers. The acme of their happiness is to be permitted the enviable position of being dragged at an officer's heels, too happy if they are not kicked into the gutter, in some moment of caprice of their masters; but allowed to be seen by their fellows, who dare not, or choose not, to aspire to a similar distinction. Even by such creatures as these, and to whom, I scarcely can divine how I became known—was the conduct of those, to whom they bent the knee with all the adulation of the slave, in some degree imitated."

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA

Speaking of the departure from London for Canada, February 18, 1838, he says:

"Notwithstanding a good deal of delay had occurred in the outset, my final departure from London proved a very abrupt one, and was, moreover, marked by a strong instance of that singular and unaccountable insight into the future which we usually term presentiment. The winter had been, as I have just remarked, exceedingly severe for an English season; so much so, that instead of being enabled to leave on the 1st of January, which was the regular day of sailing of the packet, the latter had been detained in the docks for upwards of six weeks. The intermediate time had been passed by a beloved one, now no more, and myself under the hospitable roof of the beautiful, amiable, and talented Countess M——, in Montagu Square; our heavy baggage being deposited in a small lodging near the Docks, to be in readiness for embarkation at a moment's warning. On the night of the 17th, and while confident that many days must yet elapse before the ship could be got down the river, we attended a fancy ball at the Hanover-

Square Rooms. It was a very brilliant and crowded affair, and the day had dawned before we all returned home, and separated for the moment to meet again at breakfast. Alas! to one it was the last separation on this side of the grave.

"It was not without difficulty that I could keep my eyes open, and sleep was to me then the sweetest boon upon earth; but I did not enjoy it long. I had not been half an hour in bed, when I felt myself gently shaken, and a well-known voice urging me to rise and leave for the East End of the town immediately, for nothing could induce the speaker to believe the vessel in which we were to embark would not leave the dock that morning. I endeavored to persuade my wife that the thing was impossible, and that if such were the intention some intimation would have been sent to us. Her reply was, that she had been awakened by the powerful impression forcing itself upon her mind, that she had risen in consequence, and that nothing could convince her she was wrong in attaching the faith she did to the correctness of her presentiment. There was no resisting her urgent manner. I was soon dressed; a coach was sent for, and without an

opportunity of taking leave of our kind friends, we finally gained the lodging near the dock. I enquired, on alighting, if any message had been sent to announce the sailing of the vessel that day. The answer was in the negative, and I commenced rallying the disturber of her own and my rest on the fallacy of her forebodings. But, even while in the act of doing so, a loud rap at the street door announced a visitor, and one of the cabin boys entered stating that a sudden thaw having occurred during the night, the *Ontario* was getting out of dock, and we must, if we wished to avoid a journey to Portsmouth, embark immediately, as the "tugs" had their steam up, and were only waiting for the vessel to clear the dock to be lashed to her sides. Then came the triumph of the prophetess, for my pleasantry suddenly ceased, and the only object that now engaged my serious attention was the gathering together of our scattered luggage, and its introduction into a hackney coach as a medium of transport to the deck of the Ontario; and even so hurried was I in this, that I afterwards found I had left several articles behind. By eight o'clock we had cut our way through the rotting ice as far as Green-

wich, and by the time our friends had entered the breakfast room, where they of course fully expected to see those from whom they had so informally parted so shortly before, we must have been half way down the river."

In accounting for the fact that his "Jack Brag in Spain" had not been published by Colburn or Bentley, notwithstanding all Theodore Hook's influence, Hook being delighted with the three volumes which Richardson had written under that title in continuation of Hook's "Jack Brag," and promising to obtain for Richardson at least £500 from one or the other publisher, the following is said:

"There is a curious anecdote connected with this work which, showing as it does, that the humor or caprice of a critic should be consulted quite as religiously as the ancients were wont to consult the stars before offering their oblations, may be here advantageously inserted for the benefit of young authors. A few days before 'Écarté' made its appearance before the London public, Jerdan, the leviathan of the *Literary Gazette,* had some disagreement with Colburn, and wrote to him to say that whatever he next published he would cut up in his review. 'Écarté' was the fated next

book and no sooner had it issued from the counter of the publisher, when Jerdan, throwing all his acrimony into his pen, sought to annihilate it in a few brief sentences, which Colburn, who showed me the impartial critic's note, subsequently declared to me had had a most pernicious effect upon the sale of the book. And it was in this spirit that he, who lauded 'Beazley's Roué' to the skies, pronounced 'Ecarté' (a book which others have said ought to be in the hands of every young man designing to visit Paris) a publication fit only for the stews of London. But the best part of the story is to be told. On the very next day after the ill-natured and threatened *critique* had gone forth to the public, there was an evening reunion of literary people at Mr. Redding's—the author of the 'Beckford Papers,' etc.—at which were present Harrison Ainsworth, Thomas Campbell, Silk Buckingham the author of 'Tremaine,' Charles Ollier, and a number of other distinguished writers of the day whose names I do not recollect. Late in the evening and after coffee had been served, Jerdan made his appearance, flushed, as was his wont, with the fumes of the 'Tuscan grape.' After conversing a short time with

those who were most intimate with him, he came up to me, a personal stranger, and said 'he should be very happy to have the pleasure of taking wine with me.' Most of those in the room had been aware of the severity—nay, bitter personality—of the critic's remarks the preceding day, and they naturally felt some surprise at his movement. It was soon, however, evident that the Solon of the *Literary Gazette* did not know whom he was thus honoring, and their wonder gave place to amusement. I rose from a tabouret on which I had been sitting near the feet of the mistress of the house, and exchanging a significant glance with her, observed that Mr. Jerdan did the author of 'Écarté' too much honor in inviting him to drink wine with him, but that nevertheless I should be most happy to accept his proposal. Jerdan stared, drew up his eyebrows, seemed for the first time conscious of a *mal entendu,* bowed stiffly, sipped his wine, and then turned to converse with somebody else.

"I allude to this anecdote particularly, because it tends to show how completely the fame of a writer is at the mercy and in the power of the critic. Here is a man professing

to guide the public taste, who without any personal feeling towards myself, not even knowing me when he wrote his review, denounces a book he has eagerly devoured, not for the purpose of seeking food for commendation, but with the avowed object of collecting materials for dispraise. And wherefore? Simply to gratify a low and unworthy feeling of pique, to which a man of letters should be immeasureably superior. Had Mr. Jerdan not given indulgence to this paltry and ungenerous spirit I should have written many more works than I have. These might not have greatly benefited the public it is true, but they would at least have profited me, and that is no mean consideration. Of course I am prepared to expect, that should the impartial critic of the *Literary Gazette* notice these remarks, he will do so in the same spirit in which he reviewed 'Écarté.'

Richardson having taken part in the Battle of Moraviantown where Tecumseh was killed, was desirous of visiting Tecumseh's grave. On his way from Brockville to Sandwich, he passed near the spot where the Indian was said to be buried.

"As I passed from the plain into the wood

where we had been attacked, I anxiously sought to discover any traces of the particular ground on which we had rested. For this purpose I alighted from my waggon, leaving the reins in the hands of my tiger; but in vain did I seek any indication of the precise spot. The general features of the wood bore so monotonous a resemblance that I was completely at fault, and after a fruitless attempt to discover the grave which was said to contain the bones of the well-known but unfortunate Tecumseh, I moved along the road which I had last traversed as a prisoner of war in the hands of an exasperated and insulting enemy, with feelings deeply imbued with painful recollections of the occurrences of that eventful day. There was no one who could point out to me the grave of the indomitable warrior who had sealed his faith to England, and his unbending determination to avenge the great and manifold wrongs of his oppressed race, with his heart's blood, and I felt deeply disappointed. I had known Tecumseh well. During my boyhood he had ever treated me as a young favorite, and I had experienced a good deal of pride in what I considered a very great condescension, for I had always enter-

tained a deep and enthusiastic admiration of his generous, fearless, independent and warlike character. Not an hour before he fell, he had passed along our line in the elegant deer-skin frock, fringed, and ornamented with the stained quills of the porcupine, which he usually wore, and which, on this occasion, surmounted a shirt of snowy whiteness. In addition to this, he wore a plume of white ostrich feathers, and the whole style of his costume was such as to impart to his dark features an expression, and to his eagle eye a brilliancy, which the excitement of the occasion rendered even more remarkable, and which had been so forcibly impressed upon my memory, that whenever the image of the noble Indian has appeared to me, it has been as he then looked, when, for the last time, he cordially shook me by the hand."

WAU-NAN-GEE

Maria Ronayne having gone off with the Indian, Wau-nan-gee, writes her husband:

" 'Ah! Ronayne,' began the first (letter), 'what language can express my feelings—my fears—my agony? For the last week I have

not seemed to live a human existence. My mind has been all chaos and confusion. I have been feverish, excited, scarcely conscious of my own acts, and filled with a strong dread of an evil which I know will come, must come, although only protracted. And yet, with all the horror of my position, how much more bitter might have been my self-reproach, my remorse, in having neglected, in my distraction, to inclose the packet for Mrs. Headley, which the noble-hearted, the devoted Wau-nan-gee now conveys. I thought I had given it to Sergeant Nixon, but Wau-nan-gee found it in the pocket of my saddle only yesterday. Oh, but for the arrival of Winnebeg with the intelligence he brings, it would now be too late, and what, then, would have been my sensations? His appearance has altered the plans of the unfriendly portion of the Indians, who, presuming that the troops will soon leave the fort, have determined to wait for the division of the stores, and attack you on the march. But still they could not restrain their impatience, and the day of the council was fixed. All this I learned from Wau-nan-gee, who makes me acquainted with everything that is going on, and is both hated and suspected by Pee-to-

tum, who would willingly find him guilty of treachery, and destroy him if he could. I begged him, in my deep sorrow, to be the bearer to you, even amid all danger of detection, of a few words of warning which I knew you would sufficiently understand. He did go, while dashing up seemingly in defiance to the gate; and with a joy you may well understand, I marked the result. So far, then, has the step which my great love for you induced me to take, regardless of minor considerations, been of vital service to you all; for good and generous as Wau-nan-gee is, nothing short of his deep and respectful attachment would have led him to reveal the secrets of his people, and thus defeat their cruel purpose. But, oh! when I think that the danger is only deferred, not removed, how poor is the consolation! Dear Ronayne, my heart is sad, sad, sad! Last night I dreamed you were near, and this morning I awoke to horror, to know that, perhaps, your hours are numbered, while for me there is no hope of death, which then would be a blessing, except from my own hand! Oh, suffer me not to pray in vain if you would have me live! Once you evaded (oh, how cruelly!) the stratagem

which would have saved your life and honor—which would have made you an unwilling prisoner with those who, for my own safety, hold me captive.

"'Alas! had I not hoped that you would have been compelled to share my weary bondage until the dread crisis had passed, I had never been here; and now that the great object of my heart has failed, I would return, and share the danger that surrounds you. One more embrace would give me greater strength to die. One more renewal of each well-remembered face would make me firmer in resolve to meet the coming danger, that danger shared by all. But Wau-nan-gee, in all things else docile as a slave, in this denies me. In his mother's tent I dwell, disguised from the wretch Pee-to-tum in Indian garb, and, although she does not seem to do so, she watches my motions closely. Oh! then, since I may not go to you, come for a brief period to your adoring wife! Come with the occasion back with Wau-nan-gee. He will conduct you to the tent where now I am, some little distance from the general encampment, and never visited but by Winnebeg, and his son. You will say I am but an indifferent soldier's wife to give such counsel

to a husband. I confess it; my love for you is greater than my regard for your glory. But what glory do you seek? March with the troops and ingloriously you perish; for what can avail defence against the strong force I know to be fully bent upon your destruction. Join me here and you are saved—saved for a long and future course of glory for your country—and, oh, far dearer to me, for a long and future course of wedded happiness. Yet, oh, God, how can my pencil trace this icy language, while my heart is desolate—longing, pining for your presence. Oh, beloved Ronayne! by all the vows of love you ever poured into my willing ear—by all the fires of passion you ever kindled in my heart, I conjure you to come, for I can endure this suspense, this cruel uncertainty no longer. To-night I shall count the long, long hours; and oh! if Wau-nan-gee return without you, without one ray of hope to animate this breaking heart, I will not leave him until I have won his promise to conduct me at midnight to the secret entrance through which he has so often gained admission into the fort; or failing in my plea to him, I will make the attempt to fly myself. But, dear Ronayne, if you come not, the measure of my

grief will be full indeed to overflowing. I can no longer endure this.'

"Such was the last note of the unhappy and distracted Maria Ronayne."

AN APPRECIATION

AN APPRECIATION

HE status of Major John Richardson as a maker of Canadian literature is perhaps at the present time, not definitely and finally fixed. Very much a mythical figure, he does not belong even to the class of writers, honored but unread; he is not only unread but he is also unknown. It is probable that his great wish, besides his desire for recognition by those whom he so unreservedly served with pen and sword and who always disappointed him, was to be remembered and honored by succeeding generations of his countrymen. It is true that he once cynically wrote:—"*I cannot deny to myself the gratification of the expression of a hope that, should a more refined and cultivated taste ever be introduced into this matter-of-fact country in which I have derived my being, its people will decline to do me the honor of placing my name in the list of their 'Authors.' I cer-*

tainly have no particular ambition to rank among their future 'men of genius,' or to share any posthumous honor they may be disposed to confer upon them." But this was when he was smarting under what he considered undeserved neglect; and it is not to be taken at its face value. He is undoubtedly worthy of a place among our authors.

The secret of Richardson's strength was in the man himself and not in the schools he attended. Little school training did he possess, but the defect was more than made up for in his mother, a capable and cultured woman, and the accomplished society of French ladies among whom she moved. Richardson was able to speak fluently in both French and English, and this assisted in giving to him broad sympathies and grace of thought which was reflected in his cultured and dignified manner. Add to this his wide and varied experience, his frequent travels into out-of-the-way places, interesting society in the cities of two continents, and an insatiable appetite for ever newer quests and crusades and you have the basis for the work to which he set himself so resolutely. Equipped with a good military training, he adopted the career of

soldier, which he followed in both Europe and America with great distinction, passing through the rôles of victor, captive, diplomat and trusted despatch rider. This experience prepared him for the historical work he was to excel in.

Many would have taken all this as a matter of course, but Richardson was thrilled to the core by his experiences. His eye was as quick for the ghastly and the brutal as for the subtle beauties of love and nature. The vivacity of his mother warmed his own blood and flung him whole-heartedly into every event. He must live it all. Strong, forceful, dramatic, born with a scent for news and possessed of a prodigious enthusiasm for facts, he developed himself into one of the greatest chroniclers of Canada or of any country. His extraordinary skill in description cannot be too much admired. We have nothing better in our literature. Many sidelights, many historical facts of importance, would for ever have escaped us had it not been for this soldier poet and recorder. "Eight Years in Canada" (1838-1847) is, except the newspaper press, the only contemporary history of this period we possess, but this is rather autobiographical than historical. His "War

of 1812," however, is unique among the contemporary histories of that stirring period in America, and continues to be an inexhaustible historical treasury. The contribution of Major Richardson to the historical literature of Canada has been monumental and of the highest importance.

As a writer of imaginative literature, Richardson will take a somewhat lower place. While he comes first in point of time in Canadian writers of fiction, he can hardly be said to be first in importance; his effect upon subsequent Canadian fiction in particular and English literature in general is as yet, at least, very slight. His poem "Tecumseh," displays too close and un-original a copying of classic models, and it is too uniformly mediocre and conventional to merit anything more than a mildly favorable comment. The general effect must have been unsatisfactory to Richardson himself as he soon forsook poetry for prose. However, as a dramatic re-creation of historical fact, "Tecumseh" is important. "Écarté" in the same way is a faithful contemporary portrait of Paris salons, and "Wacousta" contains a valuable, and, for the most part, accurate contemporary re-

cord, but neither of them, taken as complete works of art, comes within the charmed circle of great imaginative literature.

One of the finest appreciations of Major John Richardson is to be found in the Introduction to Richardson's "War of 1812," by Alexander Clark Casselman, a competent authority both in his knowledge of Richardson's works and in his literary taste and skill.

"Like the earliest English novelist, Richardson has suffered neglect in his own land. All that Scotland had for her greatest poet was an office worth £70 a year, but her succeeding generations remembered his exquisite productions. Canada could find not even such an office for her first novelist. His own generation refused him a living in his native land; subsequent generations of Canadians know him not. And his works, if obtainable, can be bought only at almost prohibitive prices. Yet three years before Scott died, when Thackeray was a stripling of eighteen, when Dickens had not yet become a reporter, Richardson was winning, by his first work of the imagination, applause from the English press and a large audience of English readers. In the very year of Scott's death, his master-

piece, "Wacousta," appeared; and the six editions through which it has run bear testimony to its popularity.

"Whatever Richardson did he tried to do well. Unlike Cooper, he never trusted to chance to develop the circumstances of his plot; unlike Cooper he tells his story well, and tells it in faultless English. The interest is sustained to the end. There are no carelessnesses, no crudities, no notable mannerisms. Cooper often loses himself in the pathless mazes of his long sentences. Richardson, incisive and logical, builds clause on clause, phrase on phrase, here adding a limiting detail and there a defining circumstance, until you marvel at the accumulated result and you would not have a single word changed. Yet there is no straining after rhetorical effect, no attempt at fine writing. The lucidity of style recalls Macaulay, who at this period was writing his early essays.

"A born literary artist, Richardson has drawn with a firm and skilled hand not only the children of his imagination, but the people of his own day. His autobiographical sketches, his historical works, as well as his novels, show us their foibles, their weaknesses, and

their merits. His great interest is in men and their achievements; but there are delightful bits of painting from nature. Though a lover of nature, he seldom gives himself up to that revel in the life of nature which is so great a merit of Cooper's work. It is men and women in action that interest him. Only less, perhaps did the brute creation claim his attention. His ponies are still a memory among the older people of Windsor and Sandwich. . . .

"His notions of life were by no means puritanical. He believed that solace and comfort were to be derived from an after-dinner cigar. In complete accord with the customs of the times among the circles in which he moved in his palmy days, he took his glass of wine, but none abhorred excesses more than he.

"If we judge Richardson by the literary success that cheered him even amid his many days of adversity, we can merely wonder that a writer so wholesome in atmosphere, so buoyant in spirit, so notable in our literary development, is now almost completely forgotten. His works, whether we consider their subject-matter, their literary merits, or their position in the growth of the novel, place

their gifted author high on that roll we choose to designate as our list of Canadian authors.

"These productions of his genius are his sole monument. The bright young Canadian lad who left school to fight his country's battles had to seek in the land he fought against an unknown grave in the teeming solitude of America's greatest city. No votive garland can be laid on that tomb; no admiring young Canadian may visit that shrine."

With most of this I cordially agree.

Everything Richardson wrote was in vigorous, but dignified and good English. He loves rapid action and chooses his materials with the dramatic possibilities always in view; frequently he tends toward the exciting and melodramatic. Usually the plots of his novels are simple, and, except in "Wacousta," they have a conventional ending. With Richardson the style was the man; each page was packed with autobiography. He wrote as he experienced, *con amore* and joyously. While he had an eye open for remuneration, and confidently expected no small niche in the Canadian Hall of Literary Fame, still, except at the very last his main reward in writing was

the satisfaction it gave himself. In speaking of his literary ability he once wrote: "I look upon the art of ingenious writing, not as a merit, but a mere incidental gift, for which one is more indebted to nature than to judicious application." He loved to employ this gift which neither wars nor intrigues could destroy and poverty and neglect could not impair.

The characterization in his novels is life-like, and a few characters are drawn with extraordinary skill. Exception must however be taken to the Negro dialect of Sambo, the Scotch of the Scottish captain in "The Canadian Brothers," and the Irish in Écarté—the like of which was never heard from human lips; and indeed even the author himself was not wholly satisfied with it, for he dropped much of it in later works and revisions. The "villain of the play" in "The Canadian Brothers" is wholly artificial and manufactured as a *deus ex machina* for the occasion, while his son is a mere lay figure. Except where straining after effect is most patent, as occasionally in "Wacousta," we meet human beings who actually live and move and have their being in circumstances quite as real.

Richardson fails in depicting woman; with

the exception of Helen Stanley in "Écarté," and the wife of Captain Heald in "Hard-scrabble" and "Wau-nan-gee," there is scarcely one that is natural or normal. Matilda Montgomerie is certainly a pure fiction, while Clara de Haldimar, Maria Ronayne and another score or more are "such. . . as never was nor no man ever saw."

The Indian Richardson knew well and he succeeded admirably in depicting him—only once did he fail to apply his own knowledge, and that is when he fills Wau-nan-gee with a pure and romantic love for Maria. The same mistake is made by James Fenimore Cooper in "The Last of the Mohicans," in his character Uncas, after whom apparently Wau-nan-gee was modelled.

The charge of impurity against "Écarté" would receive little attention in these days of the sex novel, Freud and psychopathy. In none of his other novels, excepting always the senile and silly "Monk Knight of St. John," is there anything to shock modesty, if we omit the conduct to each other of the impossible Matilda and the equally impossible Gerald.

The poetry and fiction of Richardson are still worth reading. They are valuable in

themselves in that they give the first authentic note of a new literature in Canada, a literature instinct with the life and thought of a new nation even then beginning to take shape, a literature in which extremes meet without impropriety, a literature of expanding life, cosmopolitan sympathies, robust democracy, pioneering idealism and freshness and profusion, prodigal in its richness and lavish in its gifts. They are equally valuable for their lively and sympathetic descriptions of the early formative and transitional times of the Nineteenth Century in Upper Canada and the West, as well as the significant days immediately after the fall of Napoleon in Paris. Others will almost certainly return to Richardson's material and weave out of it fresh Canadian romances. Historians, novelists and poets will turn to Richardson again and again in the days to come, and he will enter more fully into his deserved inheritance of acquaintance and appreciation. Then will it be possible to rewrite this chapter, and to estimate more precisely what effect his pioneering work has had upon the art as well as upon the materials of succeeding generations of Canadian literary craftsmen. Of one thing we are sure; and that

is, that time will prove our judgment true and sound when we gave him a first place among the Makers of Canadian Literature.

His real value will be not in his discovery of new poetic forms, or in changing the established traditions of English verse or fiction to suit the new colonial conditions. As Samuel Richardson discovered the novel in England, Major John Richardson showed—and not obscurely or incompletely—where the strength of Canadian poetry, drama and fiction must lie, namely, not in mere imitation and variation of Old World themes, but in fresh and vigorous interpretation of our own life and thought. Only in this way can Canada develop an artistic soul and consciousness, and eventually arrive at that stage of national independence, co-ordinated and entire, which makes possible a great spiritual contribution in the form of a national literature.

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TECUMSEH, OR THE WARRIOR OF THE WEST:

A poem in four cantos, with notes. By an English Officer. London: Printed for R. Glynn, 36, Pall Mall. MDCCCXXVIII.

In Prof. Ray Palmer Baker's "History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation" (Oxford University Press, 1920), p. 127, we find it stated:—

"During the next fifteen years in London and Paris, where he (Richardson) seems to have enjoyed all the gaieties of the French capital, he began his career as a man of letters. Some time before March, 1825, he published 'Tecumseh,' a narrative poem in four cantos."

Dr. Baker, however, informs me that the date is probably a typographical error. "In the first draft of my manuscript, I find that I wrote 1828 and not 1825. However, I recall that I stumbled across some contemporary references which would indicate that 'Tecumseh' was published earlier than is generally supposed." "Tecumseh" was republished in *The New Era, or Canadian Chronicle,* Vol. II, Nos. 15, 16, 17 and 18, July 23 and 29 and August 12 and 19, 1842, the last four issues of that journal. I do not find any other edition of the whole poem, but extracts have been published in various anthologies. The London edition is exceedingly rare. Dr. Baker says, "Though I have searched in about fifty of the leading libraries of America and Europe and in countless second-hand shops, I have never been able to find a copy of the first edition." I have been equally unfortunate although I have been looking for the book for more than forty years. I owe to Mr. Casselman's courtesy the opportunity of examining the copy in his library.

The Canadian edition differs from the original: in Canto I, Stanzas XXXVI, XXXVIII, XXXIX, XL and XLI are omitted, reducing the number of stanzas from 50 to 45; in Canto II, stanzas XLIV, XLV, LIII and LIV are omitted, 54 to 50; in Canto IV, stanzas IX, X, XXXII to XXXIX (inclusive), 55 to 45—nineteen stanzas in all are omitted.

The verbal changes are very numerous, scarcely a line escaping a change more or less important: e.g., in the first ten stanzas I have counted over fifty verbal changes, none indeed much affecting the sense.

I subjoin a comparison:

ENGLISH EDITION	CANADIAN EDITION
CANTO I	
Stanza I	
v. 1 In truth it is	It is in truth
v. 6 fiends	friends
v. 7 seas	streams
Stanza II	
v. 2 sombre	waning
v. 3 sturdy	bronzed
v. 6 Boatswain pipes	Boatswain pipes aloft
Stanza III	
v. 2 adjacent	English
v. 5 upstart	gallant
Stanza IV	
v. 1 pond'rous	shining
v. 2 in strength . . deadly foe	prepared . . noble foe
v. 3 Resolved to win . . . watery grave	To win renown . . glorious grave
v. 5 gaily turn	taunting turn
v. 6 The raging fury	The vain exertions
v. 8 cursings	curses
Stanza V	
v. 1 But now	But lo!
v. 3 towering	gallant
Stanza VI	
v. 1 coward	shrinking
v. 8 with . . contest	'gainst . . . battle

ENGLISH EDITION	CANADIAN EDITION
Stanza VII	
v. 1 clarion	bugle
v. 2 murmurs	cadence
v. 4 order rise in echoes long and clear	stern command is heard both deep and clear
v. 5 and	with
v. 7 assembled	advancing
v. 8 loud cries of war their presence greet	with defiance stern their onset meet
Stanza VIII	
v. 2 opens all	opens wide
v. 6 back and seems as 'twere to brood	quailing back and frighten'd seems to brood
v. 7 scenes of fearful death	fearful scenes of death
v. 8 her silvery plain	the silvery plain
Stanza IX	
v. 2 two rival	valiant
v. 3 vengeance	country
v. 4 gigantic grasp	thick wreathing smoke
v. 5 And hide the noonday sun's refulgent	Hiding the noonday sun's resplendent
v. 6 Which never yet with greater splendour	Which beautiful and bright that morning
v. 7 dark	clear
v. 8 furrow'd first to form a human	ruffled first to form the warrior's
Stanza X	
v. 1 thunder	tumult
v. 2 fierce	mad
v. 3 sworn that Jove all dreadful	deem'd that Mars all radiant
v. 4 shap'd . . his high imperial car	Wing'd . . his sanguinary car
v. 6 winging	urging
v. 8 hate and blood, despair and agony	hate—despair—of woe and agony

ÉCARTÉ, OR THE SALONS OF PARIS

London, 1829. Allibone; Dict. Lit. Vol. 2, p. 1795 says 3 vols. part 8vo.—I have not seen this edition.

Écarté, or The Salons of Paris, by Major Richardson, Knight of the Order of St. Ferdinand, author of "Wacousta," "Hardscrabble," etc., etc.; Author's revised edition, New York, DeWitt

& Davenport, Publishers, Tribune Buildings. 8vo. Entered in the year 1851 by DeWitt & Davenport. Illustrated paper cover, price 50 cents. The cover advertises several other books and three by Richardson, "Wacousta," "Écarté," and "Matilda Montgomerie" (nearly ready) each priced at 50 cents. Of this edition I have seen only two copies, one from the library of Mr. A. C. Casselman, the other from the Boston Public Library. I can find no other copy anywhere and have never seen it advertised for sale. This edition was reprinted by Pollard & Moss, 47 John Street, New York, in 1888.

It may be mentioned that DeWitt & Davenport, 160 and 162 Nassau Street, were, a little later, by special arrangement with her, the sole American publishers of Mrs. Susanna Moodie's "Flora Lyndsay," "Roughing it in the Bush," "Life in the Clearings vs. the Bush," "Mark Hurdlestone," and "Geoffrey Moncton, or the Faithless Guardian." "Écarté" also appeared as No. 31 of the "Echo Series" of Pollard & Moss, Publishers, 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay St., New York, in paper cover.

WACOUSTA, OR THE PROPHECY: A TALE OF THE CANADAS

"Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view and fires me with her charms."—*The Revenge.*

By the author of "Écarté." In three volumes. Vol. 1. London T. Cadell, Strand, and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1832.

Apparently there was a reprint in London, in 1833. Professor Ray Palmer Baker informs me that he has seen an advertisement of such an edition. He has in his library a reprint in three

volumes, London, 1839, corresponding in every detail with the first edition.

A second edition of this purports to be published London, 1840, three volumes, "Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode, Newstreet Square, London."

There were two editions issued in Philadelphia —one (1833) by Key and Biddle, 23 Minor Street, the other with the title "Wacousta; or The Prophecy: a Tale of Detroit and Michillimackinac," appeared in Waldie's Select Circulating Library, April 16-May 7, 1833 (Vol. I, Nos. 14-17, pp. 209-271). The first page contains the following Introduction:

"Note to the first American Edition. Although the following work has been received with great favour by the reading public in England, it is in this country where the scene is laid, and where we are more familiar with the Indian character, that its merits can be best tested. Though not without defects, yet taken as a whole, we think it will be pronounced a very superior production. For deep interest throughout it has few rivals of the modern school, and the style and language are in general excellent. We feel compelled, on a second perusal, to consider it highly creditable to the author and an earnest of still higher flights in a field so successfully trodden by our own Cooper. It is the more remarkable as coming from the pen of the author of 'Écarté, or the Salons of Paris,' a work in which the gaming-houses of the French capital and its dissipations were the subjects—scenes which are strongly contrasted with those here portrayed." (*Ex relatione*, Prof. Ray Palmer Baker.)

The first New York edition has the sub-title "An Indian Tale." It was published by Robert M. DeWitt, 33 Rose Street, 1851. Some copies have the imprint 160 and 162 Nassau Street; my own has, as the publishers, DeWitt & Davenport, Tribune Building.

The second American edition was after Richardson's death, by Pollard and Moss, 47 John Street, 1888—this was in boards. An edition in paper covers was issued by Pollard & Moss, 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, New York, in the "Echo Series," as No. 27.

The first Canadian edition was published by John Lovell, St. Nicholas St., Montreal, 1868, paper covers. It was reprinted as a serial in a Montreal paper, The *Transcript*. There is a copy in The Lorne Pierce Collection of Canadian Literature at Queen's University.

The second Canadian edition was published by the Historical Publishing Company, Toronto, 1906, an admirably printed, illustrated and bound volume; it contains a portrait of the author.

Wacousta, A Tale of the Pontiac Conspiracy, by Major Richardson, author of "The Canadian Brothers," "Hardscrabble," "Écarté," etc., with Illustrations by Charles W. Jeffreys.

"Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view and fires me with her charms."—*The Revenge.*

Toronto, Historical Publishing Company, 1906.

"Wacousta" was also reprinted in the *Toronto News*.

An edition has just been published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, and another is promised in the "Master Works of Canadian Authors," under the editorship of Mr. John Garvin.

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS, OR THE PROPHECY FULFILLED

A Tale of the late American War by Major Richardson, Knight of the Military Order of Saint Ferdinand, author of "Écarté," "Wacousta." In two volumes. Vol. 1 Montreal, A. H. Armour and H. Ramsay, 1840.

The Printer was John Lovell and the work was

deposited in the Prothonotary's office by "Major Richardson now resident in the City of Montreal."

The Canadian Brothers has not been reprinted as such—the title of the subsequent (and American) editions being "Matilda Montgomerie, or The Prophecy Fulfilled, A Tale of the late American War, Being the Sequel to 'Wacousta'." By Major Richardson, Knight of the Order of St. Ferdinand, author of "Wacousta," "Hardscrabble," "Écarté," etc., etc.

This edition, in some copies, bears no publisher's name on the title page, but it was published by DeWitt & Davenport, New York, in 1851.

Pollard and Moss, 47 John St., New York, published another identical edition in 1888.

The first edition of the "Movements, etc.," has the following title:

JOURNAL OF THE MOVEMENTS OF THE BRITISH LEGION

By an officer late of the Quarter-Master-General's staff. London. Published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, 1836. Lewis and Co., Printers, 15 Frith Street, Soho. Preface dated London, June 7th, 1836: 8vo. Boards, pp. 262.

The second:

MOVEMENTS OF THE BRITISH LEGION, with strictures on the Course of Conduct pursued by Lieutenant-General Evans. By Major Richardson K.S.F., author of "Écarté," "Wacousta," etc., etc., second edition. To which is added with new views a continuation of the operations from the 5th of May, 1836, to the close of March, 1837. London. Published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court. J. Macrow, St. James Square; and E. Wilson, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, 1837. It has not been republished.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF MAJOR RICHARDSON

(Author of Movements of the British Legion, etc., etc., etc.,) as connected with the singular oppression of that officer while in Spain by Lieutenant-General Sir DeLacy Evans. A man who is too proud to acknowledge a fault when he is conscious of having committed one and thereby wounded the feelings of another, shows himself to be, instead of elevated rank, very low indeed in the scale of intellectual worth. His pride is of the meanest kind and to him even more disgraceful than his fault. Anonymous, Montreal. Armour and Ramsay; W. Neilson, Quebec; R. Stanton, Toronto; and J. Macfarlane, Kingston, 1838.

There has been only one edition of his "Personal Memoirs."

The first edition of "The War of 1812" was from the types in *The New Era.*

WAR OF 1812, First Series

Containing a full and detailed narrative of the operations of the Right Division of the Canadian Army. By Major Richardson, K.S.F., 1842.

The only other edition is that published by the Historical Publishing Co., Toronto, 1902, mentioned above.

"Jack Brag in Spain" and "Recollections of the West Indies" have not been republished.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA

Embracing a Review of the Administrations of Lord Durham and Sydenham, Sir Chas. Bagot, and Lord Metcalfe, and including numerous interesting letters from Lord Durham, Mr. Chas. Buller and other well-known public characters. By Major Richardson, Knight of the Military Order of St. Ferdinand, author of "Écarté," "Wacousta," "The Canadian Brothers," etc., etc., etc. *De Omnibus Rebus et Quibusdam Aliis.* Montreal,

Canada. Published by H. H. Cunningham, 50 Notre Dame Street, 1847.

Entered according to Act of the Provincial Legislature in the year 1847 by Major John Richardson in the office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada, and at Stationers' Hall, London. Donohue and Muntz, Printers, Montreal.

Only one edition of "Eight Years in Canada" seems to have been published. A lithograph of Richardson is found in some copies.

THE GUARDS IN CANADA, or the Point of Honor; being a Sequel to Major Richardson's "Eight Years in Canada." Montreal, Published for the author by H. H. Cunningham, 1848.

J. W. Harrison, printer. 8vo pp. 55.

Some copies bear no date of entry, others have the date 1847; some have a lithograph (F. W. Lock, del.) of Richardson, prefixed.

Only one edition of the "Guards in Canada" is known.

CORRESPONDENCE (submitted to Parliament) BETWEEN MAJOR RICHARDSON, LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE ON THE WELLAND CANAL AND . . . DOMINICK DALY . . . ALSO BETWEEN MAJOR RICHARDSON AND LIEUTENANT COLONEL ELLIOTT . . . MAJOR MACPHERSON . . . HAMILTON, W. KILLALY . . . MONTREAL, 1848. pp. 4 - 62.

The above is to be found in the Catalogue of Columbia University. I have not examined the volume. (*Ex relatione*, Prof. Ray Palmer Baker.)

HARDSCRABBLE

It is not quite certain at what time this was written. In the edition of "Wacousta," entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1851, by DeWitt & Davenport, of New York (some copies

have the imprint of Robert M. DeWitt, 160 and 162 Nassau Street, and these have not the entry on the reverse of the title page; some have this entry with the imprint of DeWitt & Davenport, Tribune Building—but the issues are identical), Richardson is described as author of "Hardscrabble," "Écarté," etc. In "Matilda Montgomerie," entered the same year by the same firm (in some copies the entry is missing) he is "Author of 'Wacousta,' 'Hardscrabble,' 'Écarté,' etc., etc." The original issue of "Hardscrabble," now before me, was published by Robert M. DeWitt, 160 and 162 Nassau Street, New York, in the same form and almost certainly at the same time, as the "Wacousta" and "Matilda Montgomerie"; it was probably written about 1850.

Hardscrabble, or the Fall of Chicago, a tale of Indian Warfare. By Major Richardson, author of "Wacousta," "Écarté," "Matilda Montgomerie," etc., etc. New York, Robert M. DeWitt, publisher, 160 and 162 Nassau Street. This has had the date supplied in ink and is bound up with "Wacousta," "Matilda Montgomerie," Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and Emilie Carlan's "Woman's Life" in a volume in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. The plates of this edition were evidently used several times—a fact that has led to some confusion.

Another edition was published by Pollard and Moss, 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, New York, in 1888; and Allibone says that an 8vo. edition was published in 1856. There is another edition published by Peterson, Philadelphia, about 1866. I have not seen either of these.

WAU-NAN-GEE

Wau-nan-gee, or The Massacre of Chicago, a Romance of the American Revolution. By Major Richardson, author of "Wacousta," "Hard-

scrabble," "Écarté," "Jack Brag in Spain," "Tecumseh," etc. New York, H. Long and Brother, No. 43 Ann Street. (Entered, 1850, by H. Long and Brother.) Some copies bear the date 1852.

Of course, the subtitle "A Romance of the American Revolution" is a misnomer; the story is of a date thirty years after the American Revolution; the only justification for it is that there was at the time (and in some quarters it still subsists), a silly practice of calling the War of 1812, the "Second War of Independence."

So far as I know there has been only one edition of this work.

THE MONK KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN

A Tale of the Crusades by Major Richardson, Knight of St. Ferdinand, author of "Écarté," "Wacousta," etc.—New York, DeWitt & Davenport, Tribune Building, 1850—8vo. pp. 192. Paper covers. Price 50 cents. The outside cover has a rude woodcut of Abdullah saving Zuleima from the Christian soldiery. This book is very rare—I have seen only two copies, one more than half a century ago, clandestinely circulated from hand to hand at college among "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort"; the other kindly loaned to me by Charles J. Musson, Esquire, of the Musson Book Company of Toronto, at my request for this work. There is a copy in the British Museum.

WESTBROOK; OR THE OUTLAW.

I have not been able to find any copy of this work. It probably deals with Andrew Westbrook, who was very active on the side of the Americans in the War of 1812-14, in the Western District. He was "outlawed" under the existing law, Easter Term, 1816. See my article, "The Sad Tale of an Indian Wife," 40, *Canada Law Times* (December, 1920), p. 983, at p. 989, n. 11.

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By Major John Richardson, who served under General Brock in the War of 1812. Author of "Wacousta" (The Great Canadian Romance), "War of 1812," "The Canadian Brothers," "Écarté," "Hardscrabble," "Wau-nan-gee," "Tecumseh" (poem), etc. Edited with notes by A. H. U. Colquhoun, LL.D., Deputy-Minister of Education, Ontario. (The Ontario Book Company, Toronto, 1923).

This is a reprint of an anonymous article published in 1849. The editor and publisher, both competent authorities, have satisfied themselves that the article is by Richardson: internal evidence confirms the identification.

The article is a description, graphic and amusing, of a trip in October, 1848, to the places named. Its main merit is a letter from an Indian Chief, Shahwa-wan-noo, who had been aide-de-camp to Tecumseh, describing the death of that great warrior at the Battle of Moraviantown.

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INDEX

Askin, Col. John, descent, 2; removes to U. C., 2; marriage, 15; children, 15.

Bagot, Sir Charles, character of, 113; promise to Richardson, 113; death of, 115
Baker, Prof. Ray Palmer, "History of English Canadian Literature" referred to, Pref.; quoted, 18, 211, 215.
Barclay, Capt., in command at Put-in-Bay 5, 27; a prisoner, 5, 28; praised, 60.
Brock (Sir) Isaac, meets Hull's Invasion (1812), 4, 93; befriends Richardson, 4; praised, 60

Canadian Brothers, written in England (1833), 55; completed at Sandwich, U.C. (1839), 13, 55; appears as "Matilda Montgomerie," 13, 56; resumé of, 57-69; bibliography, 216, 217; referred to, 93, 205.
Canadian Campaign, published, 7; 8, 18, 25.
Canadian Chronicle, newspaper, 13, 90, 92, 109, 110.
Canadian Loyalist and Spirit of 1812, newspaper, 96, 114, 115.
Casselman, A. C., editor of *War of 1812,* 92, 218; opinion of Richardson quoted, 201; referred to, 211.
Chicago Tragedy, Tales of, 131.

Detroit, capture of by Brock, 4, 94; Richardson with (Sir) John Beverley Robinson in Guard of Honor, 5, 101; evacuated (1796), 16.
Durham, Lord, his policy approved by Richardson, 12, 99, 111, 119.
Ecarté, written, 7; account of, 34; criticized by Jerdan, 7, 11, 17, 183, 184; quoted, 164; bibliography, 213, 214; referred to, 200, 205, 206, 215.

Eight Years in Canada, written, 14; account of, 99; quoted, 180; bibliography, 218, 219; referred to, 199.
Evans (Sir) De Lacy, commander Spanish Legion, 8, 18; accused by Richardson of arbitrary conduct and injustice, 9; 80-86; attacked in House of Commons, defends himself, 11.

Girty, Simon, mentioned, 66.
Guards in Canada, written, 14; account of, 118; quoted, 176; bibliography, 219.

Hardinge, Sir Henry, quotes Richardson in House of Commons, 10, 11.
Hardscrabble, written, 14; account of, 131; bibliography, 219, 220.
Harrison, General, *Tippecanoe,* meeting, 109.
Hull, General William, invades U. C. (1812), 4, 93; surrenders Detroit, 5; his daughters in New York, 35.

Jack Brag in Spain, written, 96; published, 14, 89; approved by Hook, 96; described, 89, 90.
Jay's Treaty, referred to, 15.
Jerdan, William, criticizes *Ecarté,* 7, 17, 25, 183, 184; meeting of Richardson with, 183, 184, 185.

Kensington Gardens in 1830, published, 7, 18.

Matilda Montgomerie. (See *Canadian Brothers.*)
Metcalfe, Sir Charles, Lord, disagrees with ministry, 116; obtains Richardson's appointment, 116.
Monk Knight of St. John, published, 14; account of, 147; referred to, 206; bibliography, 221.
Moraviantown, Battle of, 5, 33, 162; death of Tecumseh at, 34, 95, 186; Richardson prisoner at, 5, 95; site visited by Richardson, 186, 187.
Movements of the British Legion, first edition, 8; second edition, 10; account of, 73; bibliography, 217.

New Era or Canadian Chronicle. (See *Canadian Chronicle.*)

O'Connell, Daniel, attacks Richardson in House of Commons, 10.

Personal Memoirs of Major Richardson, published, 12, 19; quoted, 17; account of, 80; bibliography, 218.

Prince, Col., his execution of "Sympathizers" approved by Richardson, 103.

Procter, General, recommends Richardson for promotion, 16; his retreat, 31, 32; defeat at Moraviantown, 5, 33, 34, 162.

Richardson, Charles, member for Niagara, 12.

Richardson, Major John, birth and descent, 1; youth and education, 2; joins Brock, 4; at surrender of Detroit, 5; taken prisoner, 5; release, 5; sails for Europe with 8th Foot, 6; at West Indies, 6; on half pay in London and Paris, 7; early work, 7, 8; joins British Legion, 8; invalided home, 8; published *Movements of British Legion,* attacks De Lacy Evans, 8; returns to Spain, 9; court-martialled, 9, 18; leaves Legion, 10; book quoted in H.C., 10, 11; leaves for Canada 11; visits Toronto, Montreal and Quebec, 12; Amherstburg and Sandwich, 13; residence at Sandwich, 13; residence at Brockville, 13; on Welland Canal, 14, 116; at St. Catharines, 19; at New York, 14; death, 14; appreciation of, 197; his duels, 17, 120, 123, 124

Richardson, Dr. Robert, descent, 1; marriage, 2; children, 2; surgeon at St. Joseph, 2; Amherstburg, 3; in War of 1812, 16; Judge of District Court, 3; character, 4; death, 16; *Major Grantham,* 63.

Richardson, Robert, Jr., one of the *Canadian Brothers,* 63, 64; *Gerald Grantham,* 63.

Robinson, (Sir) John Beverley, charge in duel-murder case, 125.

Sydenham, Lord, encourages Richardson, 13, 110; cause of death, 110; character, 111; follows Durham's policy, 110.
Sympathizers, Col. Prince's execution of, 103.

Tecumseh, written, 7, 25, 92; account of, 26; anthology 155; bibliography, 211 212, 213.
Theller, "General," at Detroit charges Richardson as spy, 105, 106.
The Times, employs Richardson, 12, 102; discharges him, 12.

Uncas, fictitious son of Tecumseh, 29; his death, 30; vengeance for, 31.

Von Schoultz, trial of at Kingston, 103.

Wacousta, written, 8, 18; account of, 43; quoted, 168; bibliography, 214, 215, 216.
War of 1812, written 8, 14, 92, 114; account of, 92; bibliography, 218.

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